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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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FARM BALLADS.—By Will M. Carleton.

[Written for Harper's Weekly.]

OVER THE HILL TO THE POOR-HOUSE.

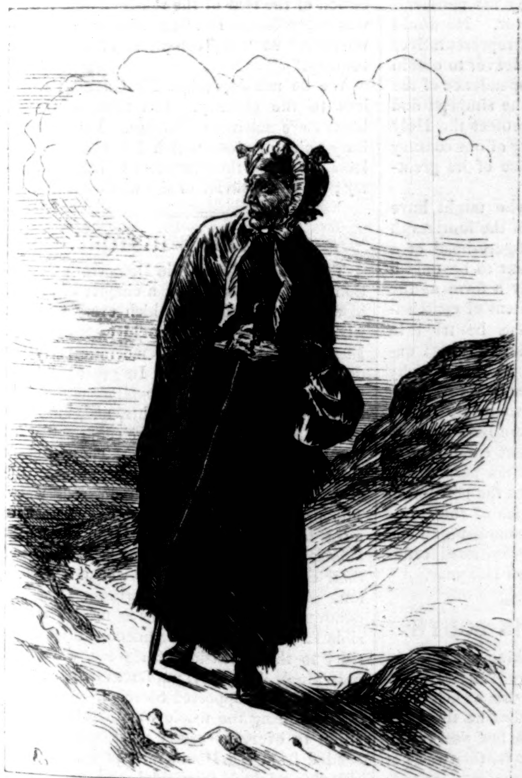
Over the hill to the poor-house I'm trudgin' my weary way—
I, a woman of seventy, and only a trifle gray—
I, who am smart an' chipper, for all the years I've told,
As many another woman that's only half as old.

Over the hill to the poor-house—I can't quite make it clear!
Over the hill to the poor-house—it seems so horrid queer!
Many a step I've taken a-toilin' to and fro,
But this is a sort of journey I never thought to go.

What is the use of heapin' on me a pauper's shame?
Am I lazy or crazy? am I blind or lame?
True, I am not so supple, nor yet so awful stout;
But charity ain't no favor, if one can live without.

I am willin' and anxious an' ready any day
To work for a decent livin', an' pay my honest way;
For I can earn my victuals, an' more too, I'll be bound,
If any body only is willin' to have me round.

Once I was young and han'some—I was, upon my soul—
Once my cheeks was roses, my eyes as black as coal;
And I can't remember, in them days, of hearin' people say,
For any kind of a reason, that I was in their way.



"OVER THE HILL TO THE POOR-HOUSE I'M TRUDGIN' MY WEARY WAY."

'Taint no use of boastin', or talkin' over free,
But many a house an' home was open then to me;
Many a han'some offer I had from likely men,
And nobody ever hinted that I was a burden then.

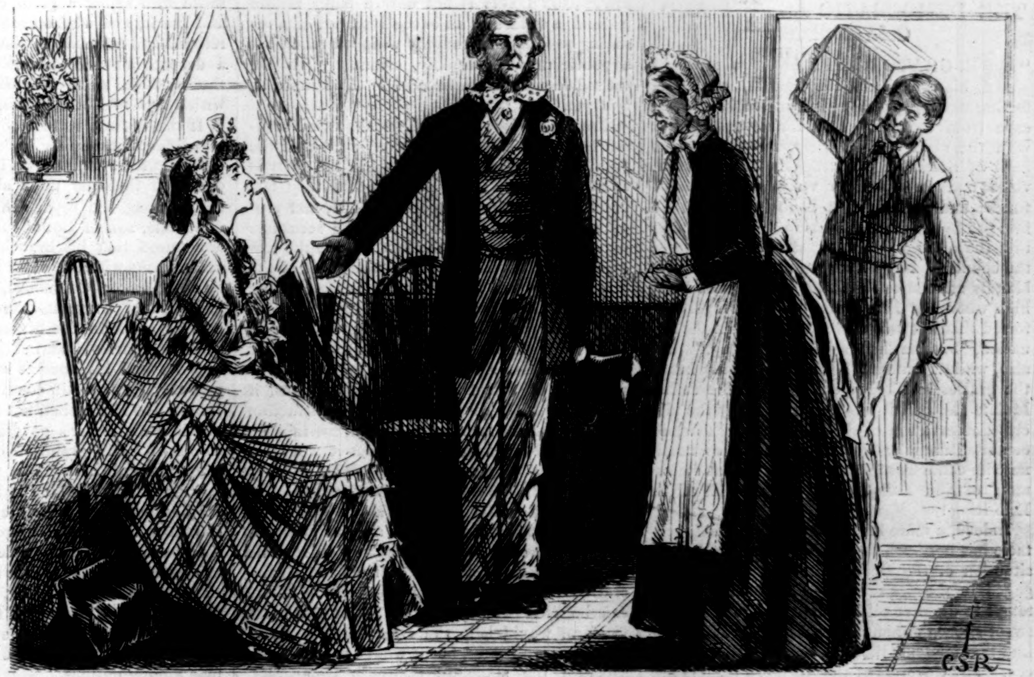
And when to John I was married, sure he was good and smart,
But he and all the neighbors would own I done my part;
For life was all before me, an' I was young an' strong,
And I worked the best that I could in tryin' to get along.

And so we worked together: and life was hard, but gay,
With now and then a baby for to cheer us on our way;
Till we had half a dozen, an' all growed clean an' neat,
An' went to school like others, an' had enough to eat.

So we worked for the child'rn, and raised 'em every one;
Worked for 'em summer and winter, just as we ought to 've done;
Only perhaps we humored 'em, which some good folks condemn,
But every couple's child'rn's a heap the best to them.

Strange how much we think of our blessed little ones!—
I'd have died for my daughters, I'd have died for my sons;
And God he made that rule of love; but when we're old and gray,
I've noticed it sometimes somehow fails to work the other way.

Strange, another thing: when our boys an' girls was grown,
And when, exceptin' Charley, they'd left us there alone;
When John he nearer an' nearer come, an' dearer seemed to be,
The Lord of Hosts he come one day an' took him away from me.



"TILL AT LAST HE WENT A-COURTIN', AND BROUGHT A WIFE FROM TOWN."

Still I was bound to struggle, an' never to cringe or fall—
Still I worked for Charley, for Charley was now my all;
And Charley was pretty good to me, with scarce a word or frown,
Till at last he went a-courtin', and brought a wife from town.

She was somewhat dressy, an' hadn't a pleasant smile—
She was quite conceity, and carried a heap o' style;
But if ever I tried to be friends, I did with her, I know;
But she was hard and proud, an' I couldn't make it go.

She had an edication, an' that was good for her;
But when she twitted me on mine, 'twas carryin' things too fur;
An' I told her once, 'fore company (an' it almost made her sick),
That I never swallowed a grammar, or 'et a 'rithmetic.

So 'twas only a few days before the thing was done—
They was a family of themselves, and I another one;
And a very little cottage one family will do,
But I never have seen a house that was big enough for two.

An' I never could speak to suit her, never could please her eye,
An' it made me independent, an' then I didn't try;
But I was terribly staggered, an' felt it like a blow,
When Charley turned ag'in me, an' told me I could go.

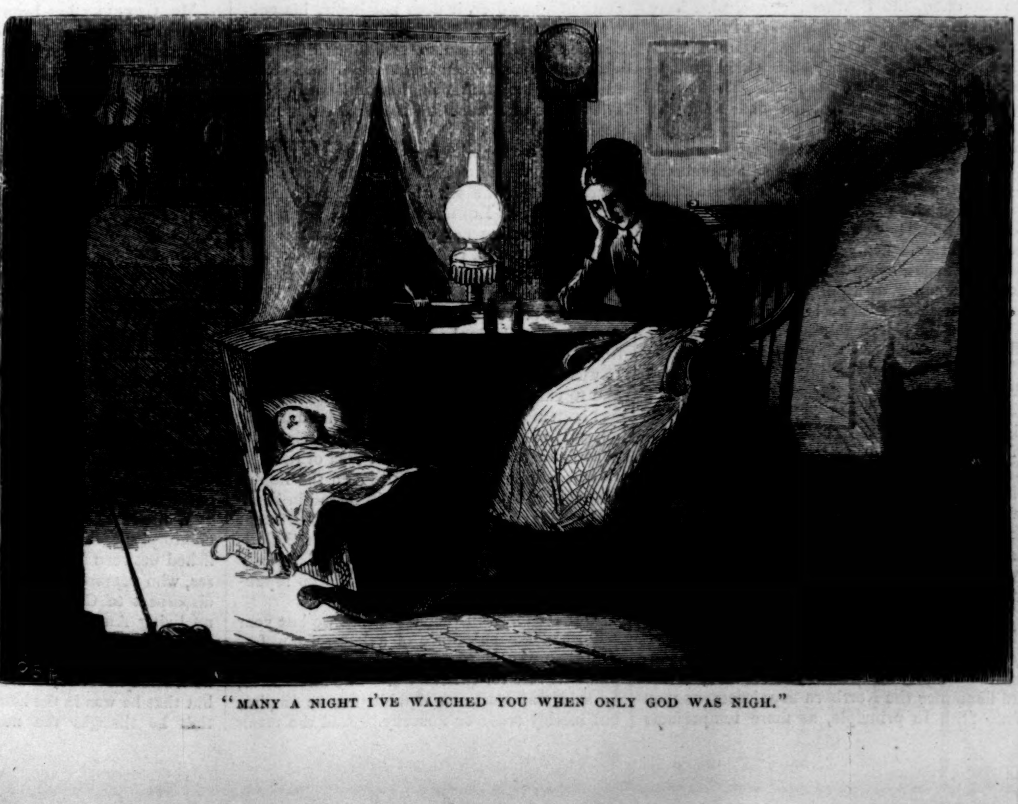
I went to live with Susan, but Susan's house was small,
And she was always a-hintin' how snug it was for us all;
And what with her husband's sisters, and what with child'rn three,
'Twas easy to discover that there wasn't room for me.

An' then I went to Thomas, the oldest son I've got,
For Thomas's buildings 'd cover the half of an acre lot;
But all the child'rn was on me—I couldn't stand their sauce—
And Thomas said I needn't think I was comin' there to boss.

An' then I wrote to Rebecca, my girl who lives out West,
And to Isaac, not far from her—some twenty miles at best;
And one of 'em said 'twas too warm there for any one so old,
And t'other had an opinion the climate was too cold.

So they have shirked and slighted me, an' shifted me about—
So they have well-nigh soured me, an' wore my old heart out;
But still I've borne up pretty well, an' wasn't much put down,
Till Charley went to the poor-master, an' put me on the town.

Over the hill to the poor-house—my child'rn dear, good-by!
Many a night I've watched you when only God was nigh;
And God 'll judge between us; but I will al'ays pray
That you shall never suffer the half I do to-day.



"MANY A NIGHT I'VE WATCHED YOU WHEN ONLY GOD WAS NIGH."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, June 17, 1871.

Harper's Weekly contains one-third more reading matter, a larger number of Illustrations, and is conspicuously better Edited and Printed than any other Illustrated Newspaper. Its circulation is more than double that of any similar publication.

☞ *The* SUPPLEMENT *to this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains the opening chapters of a new Story by* Charles Lever, *author of* "That Boy of Norcott's," *entitled*

"LORD KILGOBBIN,"

with illustrations; another superbly illustrated installment of "Dogs and Their Doings," *which has been so favorably received by the younger readers of the* Weekly; *an interesting article on* "Light for Light-Houses," *and other literary attractions.*

THE DEMOCRATIC SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS.

"MR. ORATOR PUFF had two tones in his voice," and consequently, as the affecting narrative informs us, he could not escape from the pit. The Democratic party, with the same vocal variety, is in imminent peril of a similar catastrophe. Its Northern voice and its Southern voice sing different tunes; and as its object is to lull the public into gentle slumber, it is naturally angry to find that the discord only more thoroughly arouses the country. Mr. Vallandigham had scarcely blandly alluded to the fact that the goose hung high when Mr. Jefferson Davis savagely retorted that not only did he not "accept the situation," but that he "accepted nothing." So, also, while Tammany Hall complacently heard the praises lavished upon it by the fire-eating Mobile *Register*, it was confounded by the vigorous observation of the same journal that, of course, Tammany would not expect to nominate its candidate! Alas for the "great statesman" of New York, the executive agent of the Erie Ring!

Indeed, a more laughable tragi-comical spectacle has not been lately seen than the present situation of the Democratic party. It is engaged in the praiseworthy but not hopeful attempt to dissolve oil in water, and to mingle in sweet silence gunpowder and fire. It is divided into two factions, the Northern and the Southern. The cleverest of the Northern leaders are anxious to break the chain that binds them to the corpse of slavery and to the disastrous past of their party—a party false to the country, to liberty, and to human nature. But they have no platform to propose except acquiescence in Republican action and denunciation of Republicans. This, being a tacit confession of the total failure of their own party and a repudiation of all its traditions, does not warmly commend itself to the mass of the Democratic voters. It seems to them, and very naturally, an insincere course; and they declare, with animation, that such counsels are offered by those who have no faith in Democratic principles, and who are, therefore, no better than the enemy. "If holding the offices and sharing the public plunder is the only principle involved in the politics of to-day," says a Kentucky Democratic paper, "there is no necessity for keeping up two political organizations."

While thus some of the more sagacious Northern Democratic leaders advise acquiescence in the situation, the Southern chiefs, who have been both the brain and the heart of the party, with scornful and defiant brows insist upon what they call the principles for which the Democracy have always contended. Those principles are really the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions of nearly eighty years ago—resolutions which assert State sovereignty to a point which is incompatible with national supremacy—that is to say, the Southern Democratic chiefs insist upon the right of secession. They declare that the "lost cause" is traditional Democracy, and that, when you abandon the constitutional principle upon which that cause is justified, Democracy, as a party name, is meaningless. Indeed, there are a large number of those who were the sincerest rebels, who lost every thing in the war, and who now insist that, the Democratic principle having been overpowered, there should be no hesitation in abolishing the State Legislatures, and in establishing "one right, one government, one law." The ablest of the Southern leaders and papers insist upon the lost cause as the only rational Democratic platform. And Jefferson Davis, the best-beloved Democratic leader in the Southern States, declares in reply to the "new departure" that a little patient waiting only is necessary to secure the victory for which he and his friends contended.

This was the spirit and these were the chiefs who controlled the Democratic party at the last Presidential election. They propose to contest the mastery again next year. They deride and denounce the Northern acquiescers as men of no faith in principle, as mere temporizers and Laodiceans. And this position is so strongly taken, and the censure is so free, that the Northern leaders are already angry. The very warmth of their tones shows their alarm. For while they are profoundly persuaded that there is no other chance of Democratic success than express acceptance of the situation, they are as profoundly convinced of the tenacity of their late masters at the South. A few weeks ago the Southern views were described by the Northern managers as the eccentricities of "our gallant and chivalrous friends," who would, as good Democrats, gracefully yield when "we" knocked them on the head in the Convention. But all this is changed. The Albany *Argus* now disposes of our gallant and chivalrous friends in this manner: "The boisterous Montgomery *Mail* is dead. The senile Mobile *Register* has changed its coat and fallen into line, an humble and, we trust, repentant follower of those whom it tried to browbeat into its waved-up folly. The Memphis *Appeal* alone remains as a vociferator of nonsense and a gabbler of platitudes." And the New York *World*, the friend of the Erie agent, says of the other great statesman of its party: "The truth is that Jefferson Davis is not only a badly beaten general, a failure as an executive head of a resisting people, a thoroughly whipped rebel, but a politician who stupidly, criminally (to use the mildest phrase) *blundered*." And these be brethren!

From all this it is plain, first, that the Northern Democratic leaders are convinced that the Southern voice must be silenced or the party is already defeated; and second, that they feel much stronger than they did in 1868, and propose not to wheedle but to lash the recusants into submission. But the fact is none the less evident and significant that the support of the Southern wing is indispensable to Democratic success. Therefore if, in the National Convention of the party, Mr. Vallandigham, who in 1864 made the Chicago platform of surrender to the rebels, should in 1872 make another platform of surrender to the Republicans, it would certainly be an occasion of satisfaction to every patriot that the party did not take an openly revolutionary position, but it would as certainly be no ground for supporting a party which contains every revolutionary and disturbing element. The question, as we stated last week, would then be whether a purer administration or greater fidelity to the new order could be more reasonably expected from the Democratic than from the Republican party. There can be little doubt that the Vallandigham platform would help the Democratic party in the Northern States, but it would as surely exasperate the stanchest Southern Democrats. Meanwhile those who are disposed to think that the Democratic party is always handled with admirable sagacity, and that it can rely upon its stern discipline, may refresh their memories with the history of its last three National Conventions in 1860, 1864, and 1868, of which it may be said that each surpassed the other in political blundering.

THE FATE OF FRANCE.

It is a curious fate that harries unhappy France. The Commune itself will be accepted as the vindication of the empire. Louis Napoleon made his *coup d'état* as the "savior of society" against what he called socialism. He denounced it as destructive of the very foundations of civilization, as sanguinary and remorseless. And now Paris, blazing and bloody, a wild fury raging against animate and inanimate objects alike, full of anarchy and despair, has seemed plainly to justify his words. Certainly, however, it does not justify his government, the purpose of which was to keep France ignorant, childish, and cowardly. But what was evident when the Assembly was elected is only plainer after the formidable struggle. The people of France are monarchical, not republican.

Indeed, a republic, in our sense, is not an intelligible word in France. The provisional government of the 4th of September, as sheer a usurpation as Louis Napoleon's, and worse than his, because not even pretending to appeal to the nation, called itself a republic, and was actually regarded as such by many intelligent persons and papers in this country. With much better reason M. Thiers calls his government a republic, because it really emanates from the people. But it is purely provisional. It was created to make peace with Germany, and to enable France to determine what political system she would adopt. Yet its duration depends upon itself. It may indefinitely postpone calling an assembly under plea of the disturbed state of the country. And the immediate question is whether it will maintain itself as the supreme authority, or call a constituent assembly, or by a *coup d'état* turn over the administration to a king. A republic is hardly practicable, for there are apparently no republicans.

Our readers will remember that we last year published the substance of a letter from Laboulaye written to an American friend to explain his vote for the empire. The alternative, he said, was neither a republic nor an empire, but merely order or anarchy. And the result has verified his words. He did not like the kind of order, but it seemed infinitely preferable to the kind of disorder that was sure to replace it. For Laboulaye said—what the result has shown—that those who called themselves republicans in France, and who were really the Commune, had no conception of liberty whatever: and when he told them that the object of a constitution was to defend the individual and the minority against the majority, they could not possibly understand him. The Commune, therefore, was really a conspiracy against society itself. The friends of local independence, and such republicans as there may be, were, perhaps, classed with it; but, as we said last week, they did not control it.

The plea for the Commune, in some minds, is that it was a protest against oppression. But it was also an assertion of a more monstrous tyranny than it would displace. Even Louis Blanc, the social leader of 1848, recoiled before it; and the article of Frederic Harrison, who defended it in the *Fortnightly Review*, was as preposterous as his article last winter denouncing the success of Germany as the ruin of civilization. Is civilization safe only with those who smear a great city with petroleum and fire it, and who outrage every instinct of religion and humanity? Louis Napoleon was a despot, but the chances of liberty were a thousandfold more promising with him than with a mob of Rocheforts.

If the country returns to monarchy, there is no evident reason why it should not prefer the old Bourbons to the new Bonapartes. It is conceded that the most able and acceptable man among the royal candidates is the Duc d'Aumale, son of Louis Philippe. But it is announced that his branch of the family has made terms with the older branch, represented by the Count of Chambord. The Count is the grandson of Charles the Tenth and grand-nephew of Louis the Sixteenth. He is about fifty-two years old, and childless. If it be true that he and his cousins are reconciled, it is probably upon certain conditions—as that he, as Henry the Fifth, shall not revive the traditions of his grandfather's government, and that the Count of Paris, grandson of Louis Philippe, shall succeed him. The Count has recently written a letter, which is really his platform. He does not claim absolute power. He would submit to the careful control of representatives freely elected, and he would endeavor to obtain efficient guarantees for the independence of the Papacy. The Count says, in the simplest and most medieval manner, "To protect the Holy See was ever the honorable duty of our country and the most indisputable cause of its greatness among nations."

If this quaint gentleman, who might have been exhumed from a cloister of the fourteenth century, should be made the figure-head of a monarchical system, and consent to be only a permanent executive, as merely a form as the Queen of England, the experiment of constitutional government may perhaps be tried in France. But it would be under the most unpromising conditions. The new monarchy would last during the exhaustion of the nation; but nothing but a statesmanship and a national condition of which there have been no signs whatever during the recent cataclysm in France could make such a system permanent. That statesmanship presupposes the perception that, if the republican tendencies of the country are to be absorbed by Communism, all the friends of liberty and of constitutional order will choose as Laboulaye chose last year.

Mr. GREELEY AT THE SOUTH.

Mr. Greeley has been making speeches in Texas and elsewhere, and every American citizen must be glad that the time has at last come when a man may safely say what he thinks in every part of the country. A few years ago, in the good old Democratic days, this was not possible in the Southern States; nor, indeed, is it always possible now. But there has been a great change; and, under Republican ascendency in the country, the fundamental conditions of free popular government are beginning to be understood even in the Southern States. Mr. Greeley, indeed, spoke very smoothly. He said that "the North" does not think ill of "the South;" and that the city of New York is worse than the State of Texas, in which property and life are safe. The general sentiment of the people of the North, he said, is to let by-gones be by-gones, and if there had been a general amnesty there would probably have been no Ku-Klux. He said that the better sense of the North justified him in offering bail for Jefferson Davis, and that all disabilities would soon be removed. All that is needed is a better mutual understanding.

While Mr. Greeley was making these conciliatory speeches a correspondence was published between him and some citizens of Kansas, who remarked to him that "without any disrespect to General Grant, we believe that no living American statesman has the claims of yourself for President," and who asked him if Barkis was willin'. Mr. Greeley replied that he trusted never to be an aspirant for any office, but that he was in the hands of his friends, and that he thought the next Presidential candidate ought to be "a steadfast, consistent believer in the good old Whig doctrine of one Presidential term." This is a plain declaration that, in Mr. Greeley's judgment, General Grant ought not to be the candidate. The *Tribune*, also, has shown that conviction for some time. And as there is no other candidate upon whom any considerable number of Republicaus unite, if the Convention should prove to be unfavorable to the nomination of General Grant, the friends of Mr. Greeley, perhaps, suppose that no name could be presented with more force than his.

One of these friends, however, *The Golden Age*, in declaring its preference for Mr. Greeley, says that the nomination of General Grant would be injudicious, and that "the victorious North should not a second time impose upon the country the conqueror of one-half of it." In the Mobile *Register*, or from the mouth of Jefferson Davis, we should not be surprised by such a remark. But how was General Grant "imposed upon the country?" He was unanimously nominated by representatives of the loyal Union party from every part of the Union. He was elected by votes freely cast every where, and his majority would have been greater but for the Democratic frauds in New York. And in what sense is General Grant the conqueror of one-half the country? The war was the vindication of the right of this people to their own country and their own government. The result was not the conquest of half the country; it was the salvation of the whole country from fatal division. The right of the people of the United States in the insurgent section of the Union was not in the slightest degree impaired because for some time it could be asserted only by arms. In a certain technical sense, as the rebellion was intrenched in one part of the country, and was subdued by force, that section may be said to have been conquered. But we can imagine nothing more offensive to a loyal Union citizen than the representation of the modest soldier whom Lincoln implicitly trusted, and who never by word or deed betrayed the confidence which every honest American reposed in him, whose victory was unsullied by so much as a word of violence, and whose report of the situation of the seat of the rebellion after the war was so gentle that Mr. Sumner called it "white-washing," as "the conqueror of one-half the country."

We do not depreciate Mr. Greeley's services to the country. But those of General Grant are not inconsiderable. From the military point of view, which *The Golden Age* selects, he is not the conqueror of half the country; he is the savior of the whole country.

A LITTLE HISTORY.

The action of the Ohio Democratic Convention ends, for that State, a chapter of political history in this country which every man who wishes to vote wisely should carefully study. In the year 1860 the Democratic party was dominant in the Union. Its great policy was the denial of the fundamental American doctrine of equal human rights, and, under the plea of State sovereignty, the confirmation and perpetuity of human slavery. The rise of the Republican party was the protest of the national conscience against this monstrous policy. The protest became so commanding that the most logical and resolute of the Democratic chiefs, foreseeing the ultimate catastrophe of their course, brought on the war of the rebellion. The mass of the Northern Democrats denounced the Republicans as morally responsible for the war by their unconstitutional hostility to the extension of slavery, while some individuals, like Butler, Dickinson, and others, cordially supported coercion.

But during the whole war the steady opposition to every necessary measure of war proceeded from the Democratic party. It called the war wicked, fratricidal, and unnecessary. It derided the President with every epithet of contempt. It nominated notorious Copperheads for office in the various States. In Connecticut its candidate for Governor was the well-known Mr. Seymour of that State. In Ohio it nominated Mr. Vallandigham, who had so openly espoused the cause of the rebellion that he was sent beyond the Union lines. In New York it elected Horatio Seymour, who incited the July riots of 1863. Every where and always it paralyzed action and demoralized opinion, until in 1864 it solemnly declared the war a failure, and demanded surrender to the rebellion. Meanwhile the faithful and patriotic citizens of the Union stood fast and united against the cannon of the rebels, and the moral support of those cannon offered by the Democratic party, and unconditionally subdued the rebellion.

Then came Mr. Johnson and his treachery. He denounced Republican legislation, and the Democrats supported him, declaring the whole Republican reconstruction, as they had declared the Republican conduct of the war, to be unconstitutional, revolutionary, and void. Emboldened by the possibility of their ascendency, the smothered feeling in the Southern States showed itself in the massacres at New Orleans and Memphis, and the loyal people of the country, seeing these things, and hearing Democratic speeches and resolutions, closed their ranks and elected General Grant.

At last, perceiving that the people of the United States have repudiated the traditions, the opinions, the policy, the candidates, the spirit, of the Democratic party, some of its leaders are trying to do the same, in the hope that when every thing distinctively Democratic has disappeared, the people may not be unwilling to trust a party which retains only the name. The Ohio Democratic Convention, therefore, under the presidency of a gentleman who was in favor of secession, has nominated for Governor a soldier of the fratricidal and unconstitutional war; and at the instance of another gentleman, who wished to surrender to the rebellion in 1864, and who declared Republican reconstruction revolutionary and void in 1868, resolves that Republican reconstruction is valid and must be enforced. Yet even this action was by no means unanimous. After a stormy struggle the vote was three hundred and sixty-five yeas against one hundred and twenty-nine nays.

This history shows that the Democratic leaders, despising the conscience and underrating the intelligence of the American people, fell from power. Their policy was inhuman, their appeals were odious, their methods were corrupt. The Democratic party became a national curse. It struggled to perpetuate slavery, and, in order to succeed, it debauched and degraded the public mind. Yet it constantly claimed to be peculiarly a constitutional party; and in the name of the Constitution connived at the rebellion to overthrow it. It now proposes, in Ohio, to ask for the popular confidence upon the ground that it has never deserved it. It accepts as much of the Republican policy as it can not hope to defeat, and now calls the rest of it, as it formerly called the whole, unconstitutional. And what to-day it brands as unconstitutional, revolutionary, and void, it will to-morrow commend as valid, if it is necessary to obtain power.

Meanwhile is the Union surer with those who have fought and suffered for it, or with those who practically connived at secession? Is freedom safer with those who have been its friends always, or with those who were yesterday its fiercest foes? Is honest administration more probable with intelligence and conscience, or with ignorance and contempt of "moral ideas?" Are popular institutions more stable with the unswerving friends of the public school system, or with those who are allied with its ecclesiastical enemies? Is respect for the Constitution more probable with those who amended it, as itself provides, to enlarge the securities of equal rights, or with those who are willing to acquiesce in "usurpation" under it, and to declare what they call its most flagrant violations valid? The action of the Democratic Ohio Convention is the most signal vindication of the Republican ascendency in the government, and the frankest confession that the general conduct of that party is approved by the good sense of the country.

THE ENGLISH UNIVERSITY TESTS.

We recently spoke of the peril of Mr. Gladstone's government in England. A man of perfect honor and of great ability, and of many liberal convictions, he is yet rather a reluctant liberal leader. He has a Tory temperament, and the English ecclesiastical traditions are very strong in his mind. Thus for some time he opposed the repeal of the university tests, or religious oaths which all teachers were obliged to take, and although the liberal party favored the repeal, Mr. Gladstone was constantly seen "going into the lobby," or voting with his great foe and rival, Mr. Disraeli. At length he acquiesced in the policy of his party upon the question, and it was after his change of opinion was known that he was so triumphantly supported at the Parliamentary election. The repeal of the tests passed the House of Commons triumphantly, but in the House of Lords an amendment, proposed by the Marquis of Salisbury, virtually undoing the effect of the bill, has been adopted by a meagre majority of five, and now goes to the Commons for agreement. If Mr. Gladstone should falter in opposing the amendment, the irritation of his party would probably endanger his supremacy; and the more caution is needed, as it is understood that the Dissenters will support the amendment with the Tories, on the principle of making the position of a political adversary as odious as possible.

Lord Salisbury's amendment requires every teacher to swear that he will teach nothing incompatible with the divine authority of the Old and New Testaments. Of course any such test oath is totally inadequate for its purpose. But the Marquis said that Oxford was a fountain of German infidelity, as if the German were a peculiarly malignant form of skepticism. He urged this point with great ardor, and then Lord Westbury quietly replied that if the emphatic statement of the Marquis were correct, the German infidelity had developed under precisely such a system of tests as the Marquis now urged. This was final; but Toryism never knows when it is morally beaten, and the amendment was adopted, as we said, by a majority of five. But among those who opposed it were the Archbishop of York and the Bishops of Oxford, Manchester, and Carlisle. The small majority indicates either great indifference or a consciousness that the oath is of no real value against its professed object, as, indeed, the Marquis's speech proved.

The act of repeal simply abolishes the oaths and compulsory attendance upon religious exercises, but leaves untouched religious teaching and the religious service in the chapels according to the English form. The only effect of the repeal is to relieve a scholar from the necessity of saying that when a truth in science is demonstrated he will refuse to believe it, or to teach it as true, if it is apparently inconsistent with some passage of the Bible. The inevitable result of such a process is that the passage in the Bible is made to conform, or the scholar conceals his belief, or he is compelled to leave his chair because he can not deny what is demonstrated. It is probably to the odium of imposing such a system upon the great seats of learning that the Dissenters wish to drive the Tories by supporting the amendment. But it is not an honorable course. Upon so plain a question a man's vote should represent his convictions; and every man who believes that truth is one, that all truth is divine, and that it can not be inconsistent with itself, will wish to remove every kind of hinderance from the search for truth.

NOTES.

Two European editions of Bayard Taylor's translation of Goethe's "Faust" have appeared, one in London and one in Leipsic. The German critics give it an enthusiastic welcome. One of them declares that he considers the work the most wonderful achievement in translation yet made, and predicts for it the greatest success in Germany. This high estimate is well deserved. Mr. Taylor has devoted many years to the study of Goethe's great work, and to the "Faust" literature of Germany, and has produced a version which may be said to reflect every feature of the original with a fidelity never before attained, and which it would be scarcely possible to exceed. The work is an honor to the translator, and will always hold a very high rank in English literature.

Few American poems have taken a stronger hold on the mass of readers in this country than Carleton's homely "Farm Ballad" entitled "Betsey and I are Out," which was published, with a fine illustration, in *Harper's Weekly* for May 27. Simple in form and homely in expression, it contained the leaven of true poetry and sentiment, and no one could read it without feeling the pathos of the story. The impression it has made is shown by the large number of sequels which have been printed in various parts of the country. We have received nearly a dozen, some of them very fair, and curiously enough nearly all of them taking the same view of the situation, and bringing the parties to a happy reconciliation. Mr. Carleton has himself written a continuation of the story, which has been in our hands for some time. It will in due season appear, when the public will learn the true sequel to the visit to the lawyer, a secret which could of course be known only to the author of "Betsey and I." All other sequels are spurious.

PERSONAL.

The renomination of Mr. Bancroft as minister to Germany will be received with general satisfaction. Mr. B. is the only representative we have had at that court familiar with all the phases of German life, speaking the language fluently, and deeply versed in German science and literature. The career of Mr. Bancroft has been a remarkable one. Born in 1800, he entered Harvard at the early age of thirteen, and graduated in 1817 with the second honors of his class. In 1818 he visited Germany, and prosecuted his studies under the eminent scholars Heeren and Schlosser. After publishing the first volume of his "History of the United States" in 1834, and the second in 1837, he turned his attention to politics, and in 1838 was appointed by Van Buren collector of the port of Boston. In 1845 he entered the administration of Polk as Secretary of the Navy, and it is to Mr. B. that the country is indebted for the establishment of the naval school at Annapolis. During his term he acted for a month as Secretary of War, *pro tem.*, and gave the order to General Taylor to march into Texas, which was the first occupation of Texas by the United States. In 1846 he was sent as minister to Great Britain. Returning to this country in 1849, he made New York his residence, and up to the time of his acceptance of the mission to Berlin devoted himself mainly to the completion of his history, some twenty editions of which have been published, and a German version having passed through four editions. At the time of his appointment to Berlin he was president of the Century Club of New York. Although a philosopher and historian, Mr. B. is fond of society, a great frequenter and enjoyer of the opera, one of the wittiest and most agreeable of gentlemen at dinner, always ready to lend his influence and presence to objects of benevolence, and in the highest and best sense of the term, a man of progress.

—Not only for producing warriors, but United States Senators, will the First Nebraska regiment be remembered. Its colonel, Thayer, who was promoted to brigadier-general for meritorious services at Fort Donelson and Shiloh, and major-general for work done at Vicksburg, was the first United States Senator elected from Nebraska on its admission in 1867. Mr. Tipton, chaplain, was elected at the same time, and is still in the Senate. Hon. George E. Spencer, its sutler, went down to Alabama, and was soon afterward elected to the Senate from that State.

—M. Louis Blanc, influenced, doubtless, by the condition of affairs in France, is coming a-visiting to the United States. This distinguished gentleman is now fifty-eight years of age, and was born in Madrid, his mother being of the Pozzodi Borgo family. At nineteen he went to Paris and began to write for the papers. An incident in his personal history was the origin of M. Dumas's famous "Corsican Brothers." In the stormy days of 1848 no man in France played a more important part than he. In the National Assembly he brought forward and carried the motion for a repeal of the law by which the family of the Bonapartes was doomed to perpetual exile. This enabled Louis Napoleon to return to France. In the latter part of 1848, on account of his conduct in reference to Poland, he was compelled to leave France, and since then has resided in London, acting as correspondent of Parisian journals and devoting himself to literary pursuits.

—The Hon. John W. Harris, of Tennessee, during our late little troubles, served a soldier from Western New York kindly as a prisoner of war. The soldier died recently, and bequeathed to Judge Harris $5000. Cast your kindness on the waters, and after many days it shall bring you back $5000.

—When John C. Calhoun was in the Senate of the United States he remarked that Yale College had furnished forty-five per cent. of the members of Congress. At the present time there are in Congress but six graduates of Yale, and three of Harvard. Of the 265 members 99 are college men. When Mr. Calhoun graduated from Yale, in 1804, which he did with the highest distinction, Dr. Dwight, the distinguished theologian, then president of the college, remarked, after a discussion with him on the origin of political power, "That young man has talent enough to be President of the United States."

—Among the veterans of American journalism who go abroad during the present season is Colonel Greene, of the Boston *Post*, who, whether in respect of length of service or ability, is well-nigh the top of the list. Colonel Greene has been in Massachusetts what Mr. Weed and Mr. Croswell have been in New York—the Warwick of his party. Never a candidate for popular suffrage, he has preferred rather to "engineer" the party, and put in nomination the men who were either the best or the most agreeable to himself. Personally no man in New England enjoys a larger degree of solid public esteem than Colonel Charles Gordon Greene. *Bon voyage!*

—Apropos of the habits of English speakers: Disraeli is said to be the only man who speaks best without preparation. Nevertheless, he writes out long passages of all his great speeches, his perorations always, and prepares himself for the criticisms of his opponents. All his philippics against Peel were, it is said, written and memorized. Gladstone has a vast command of words, and is supposed to prepare very little, except when out of office. Bright writes all his speeches. Cobden never wrote a speech in his life. All Lowe's speeches on reform were written. Lord Derby, Lord Caernarvon, and Lord Salisbury prepare a good deal. Lord Granville, like the late Earl of Derby, trusts to his instincts, the latter talking in a dashing, off-hand style, and Lord Granville in a slipshod, hesitating manner, which, but for his good-humor and racy anecdotes, would put one out of conceit of Parliamentary oratory.

—Mr. Charles Francis Adams has lately erected on the patrimonial estate at Quincy a very secure building, in which has been placed the large library of his father, and the voluminous manuscripts of his father and grandfather. It is understood that Mr. A. is preparing for publication a selection from the writings of his illustrious father. It is 83 years since John Adams bought the Quincy estate, which has now become historical, and which promises, in the sons of Mr. Charles Francis Adams, to worthily perpetuate the family fame.

—In these days, when the subject of Bible revision is attracting the deepest attention, especially in England, where the dignitaries of the Established Church have taken the subject in hand, and where it has been made the topic of discussion in Parliament, it may be proper to say that since the year 1850 the American Bible Union, whose head-quarters are in this city, has expended many thousands of dollars in the collection of a superb library, and doing other work connected with a new translation of the sacred volume. This great project is under the direction of Dr. Thomas J. Conant, one of the most profound scholars of the country, aided by men of the highest erudition abroad, who have been selected without reference to their particular religious associations, but solely with regard to competency and a sincere desire to present the truest and best version in the English tongue that is possible, and which the philological researches of the time have made practicable.

—Notwithstanding the statements circulated by the adherents of Louis Napoleon, immediately after his exit from the throne, that he was impecunious—positively broke—his way of life at Chiselhurst does not indicate actual beggary. His household consists of M. Conti, chief of his cabinet; M. Pietri, secretary; Colonel Lepic and M. Duperre, aids; Count Davilliers, equerry; M. Conneau, surgeon; and young Conneau, orderly. There are also eight or ten servants. The Emperor, Empress, and Prince Imperial uniformly dine alone. Strangers are rigidly excluded from the premises. It is now pretty well understood that bankers in Madrid, Frankfort, Brussels, and London have not less than 180,000,000 francs belonging to the exiles, while several millions belonging to the Empress were realized and placed abroad only six weeks before she quitted Paris.

—The recent sudden illness of Mr. Colfax recalls the fact that three of his predecessors have died in office: George Clinton, in 1812; Elbridge Gerry, in 1814; and William R. King, in 1853. Mr. King was elected in November, 1852, and sworn into that office in Cuba, March 24, 1853, but was prevented from entering upon its duties by the disease of consumption, of which he died April 16, 1853.

—Jefferson Davis and Jacob Thompson were both members of the Episcopal Convention of Tennessee, that met at Chattanooga on the 20th ult. Bishop Quintard presided, and all his recommendations were unanimously concurred in. Jacob Thompson "made an eloquent speech on the report of the Canfield Colored Orphan Asylum, and on the duty of the Church toward the colored people." Jacob Thompson is one of the cleverest men of the South. He was sent to Congress from Mississippi in 1839, when only twenty-nine years old, and continued there until 1851. He declined an appointment to the United States Senate, but in 1857 accepted from Mr. Buchanan the Secretaryship of the Interior, which he held until January, 1861, when he shifted to the Southern side, and served as Governor of Mississippi and in the Confederate army. His home is now at Memphis.

—Hon. Caleb Cushing, who has reached the ripe age of seventy-one, has become the purchaser of the fine old place known as "The Globe," formerly the property of the late General Van Ness, about three miles from Washington, beyond the Aqueduct Bridge. General Cushing is a man of indefatigable industry—a great linguist, great lawyer, great statesman. It used to be said, while he was Attorney-General in Pierce's Cabinet, that he was the only man in the history of American cabinets who could converse with each foreign minister in his own language. After having served Massachusetts in her State Legislature, as Justice of her Supreme Court, and as a member of Congress, represented the United States as commissioner to China, served as a brigadier-general in the Mexican war, filled the position of Attorney-General during the Presidency of General Pierce, he is now, although a septuagenarian, as hard at work as ever as one of the three commissioners appointed by President Johnson, in 1866, to revise and codify the laws of the United States. It is pretty well remembered by newspaper readers that General Butler was a member of the famous Democratic National Convention that met at Charleston in 1860; but it is not so generally remembered that Caleb Cushing was president of that Convention.

—Mr. Clement L. Vallandigham, although only forty-nine years of age, has been in active public life—as Congressman, lawyer, or editor—since he was first elected to the Ohio Legislature in 1845. In 1863 he was arrested by military authority for expressing opinions against the war, was banished to the Southern States, and by way of Bermuda went to Canada. During his banishment the Democratic party nominated him for Governor of Ohio. Mr. Vallandigham now comes to the front of that party as the sexton for interring dead issues, and announces "a new departure" as the only hope for its success. His programme is about the same as that of Mr. John Quincy Adams.

—Thomas H. Seymour, who was one of the most modest of men, and most popular governors Connecticut has ever had, has no stone to mark his burial-place in Hartford, yet there is always upon it a bouquet of fresh and beautiful flowers. During his mission to Russia he was an especial personal favorite of the Emperor, who made to him several rare and costly presents.

—Certainly a dozen prominent politicians of Massachusetts are aspirants for the governorship. Among those who would gratefully accept are Governor Claflin, Hon. Mr. Dawes, Dr. George B. Loring, General Butler, Hon. Harvey Jewell, and Hon. Alexander H. Rice. Mr. Dawes, who is now 55 years of age, has been school-master, editor (of the Greenfield *Gazette*), member of the Massachusetts Legislature in 1848, '49, and '52, and has been in Congress since 1857. General Butler's political record is too well known to need repetition. Mr. Rice is 53 years of age, an extensive paper-manufacturer, Mayor of Boston in '56 and '57, and member of Congress in the 36th, 37th, 38th, and 39th Congresses.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Secretary Boutwell's monthly debt statement for May shows a reduction during that month of about $3,000,000, which, owing to the semi-annual payment of dividends, is only about one-third of the average for the last two years.

The State Capitol Commissioners have designated the 24th of June as the day for laying the corner-stone of the new Capitol at Albany, it being the anniversary of St. John the Baptist. Hon. John H. Anthon, Grand Master of Masons in the State of New York, has been invited to lay the stone.

The Chinese troubles are reviving in California. Only a short time since a gang of San Francisco ruffians stoned to death an inoffensive Chinaman in the presence of dozens of people, who made no effort to save the victim. A mob at Mendocina has notified the Chinese inhabitants to leave within ten days. In San Francisco a police magistrate has decided to deny the right of Chinamen to offer testimony, and discharged a white man accused of robbery solely on that ground.

The trial at Washington of Hon. C. C. Bowen for bigamy resulted in a verdict of guilty. Motion was made for a new trial.

One of the Anglo-American telegraph cables has been recovered and repaired, and work will be immediately commenced on the other.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Order reigns in Paris. The police and gens-d'armes have control of the city. Arrests are numerous, trials expeditious, and executions speedy. Two thousand Communist prisoners are to be confined in hulks at Cherbourg. The French Assembly is discussing the form of a permanent government, and the presence of the Orleans princes is found to be embarrassing. M. De Girardin advocates a liberal republic, like that of the United States or the Swiss Confederation. A resolution will be offered in the Assembly to prolong the term of M. Thiers's power. Diplomatic relations with Germany will soon be resumed.

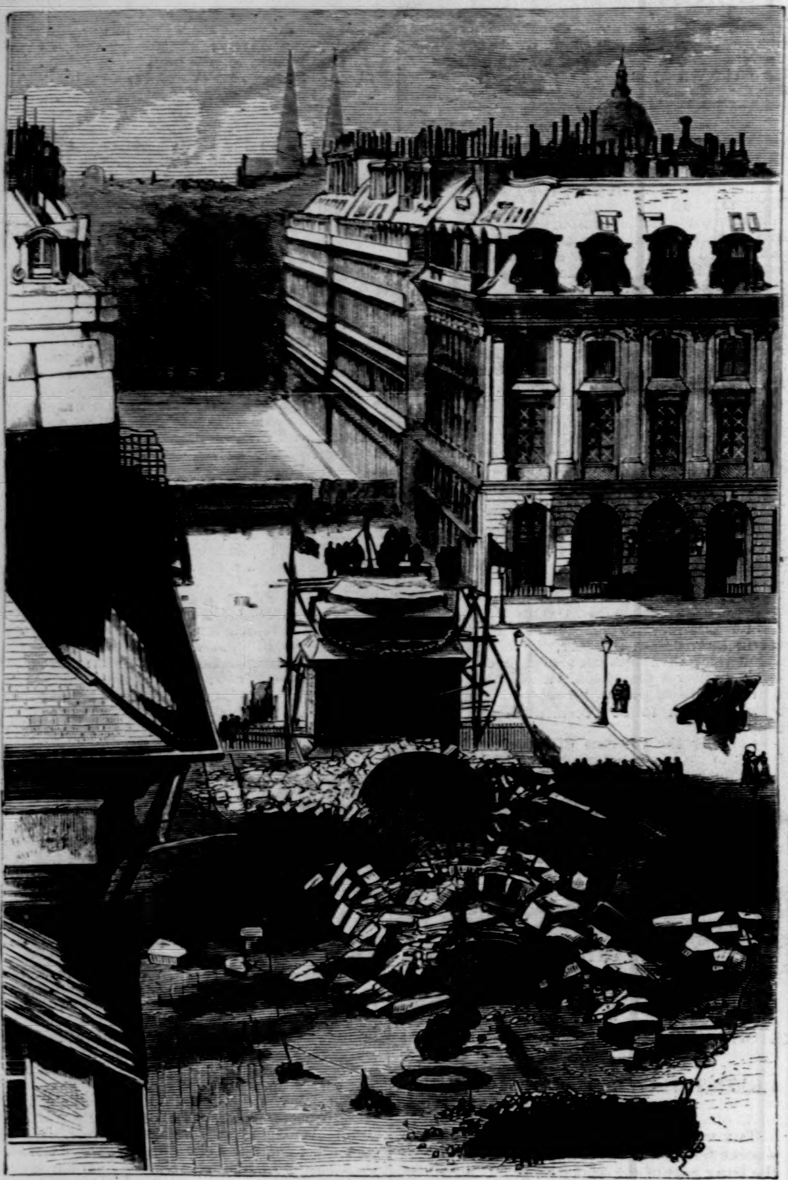
The *Monde* announces that the Prince de Joinville and the Duke d'Aumale have proclaimed their adherence to the manifesto of the Count de Chambord, and that the fusion of the Legitimists and Orleanists is complete.

The inhabitants of Belleville, Paris, have openly announced that they will make reprisals, and a secret system of arson and assassination is apprehended.

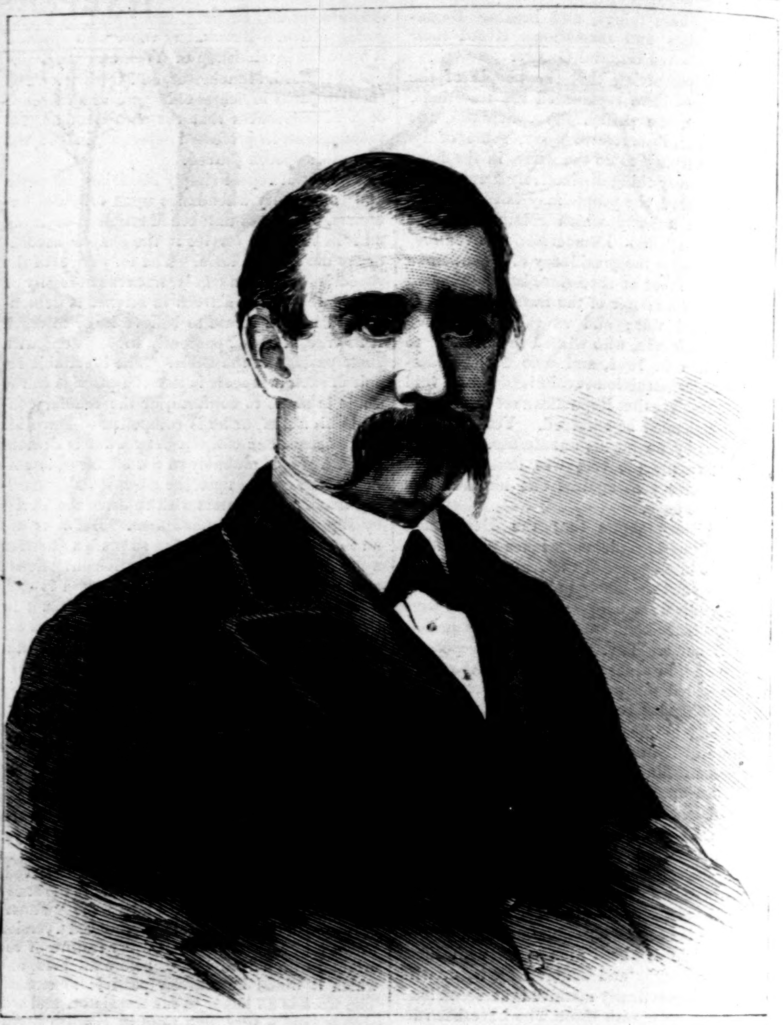
A French military commission to reorganize the army has decided in favor of all Frenchmen being compelled to serve.

Victor Hugo has been expelled from Belgium, and has taken refuge in London.

News arrives of a terrible disaster in China. On the 11th of last April the town of Bathang, province of Se-chuen, was utterly destroyed by an earthquake, the first shocks of which were so severe that dwellings, temples, store-houses, and fortifications crumbled to the ground, killing over 2000 people. Fires broke out in the ruins, which were driven furiously by the wind, and continued for five days. The disturbance extended over an area of 400 miles, and the shocks continued with more or less violence for ten days.



THE VENDÔME COLUMN OVERTHROWN.
From a Photograph forwarded by our Special Correspondent.—[See Page 557.]

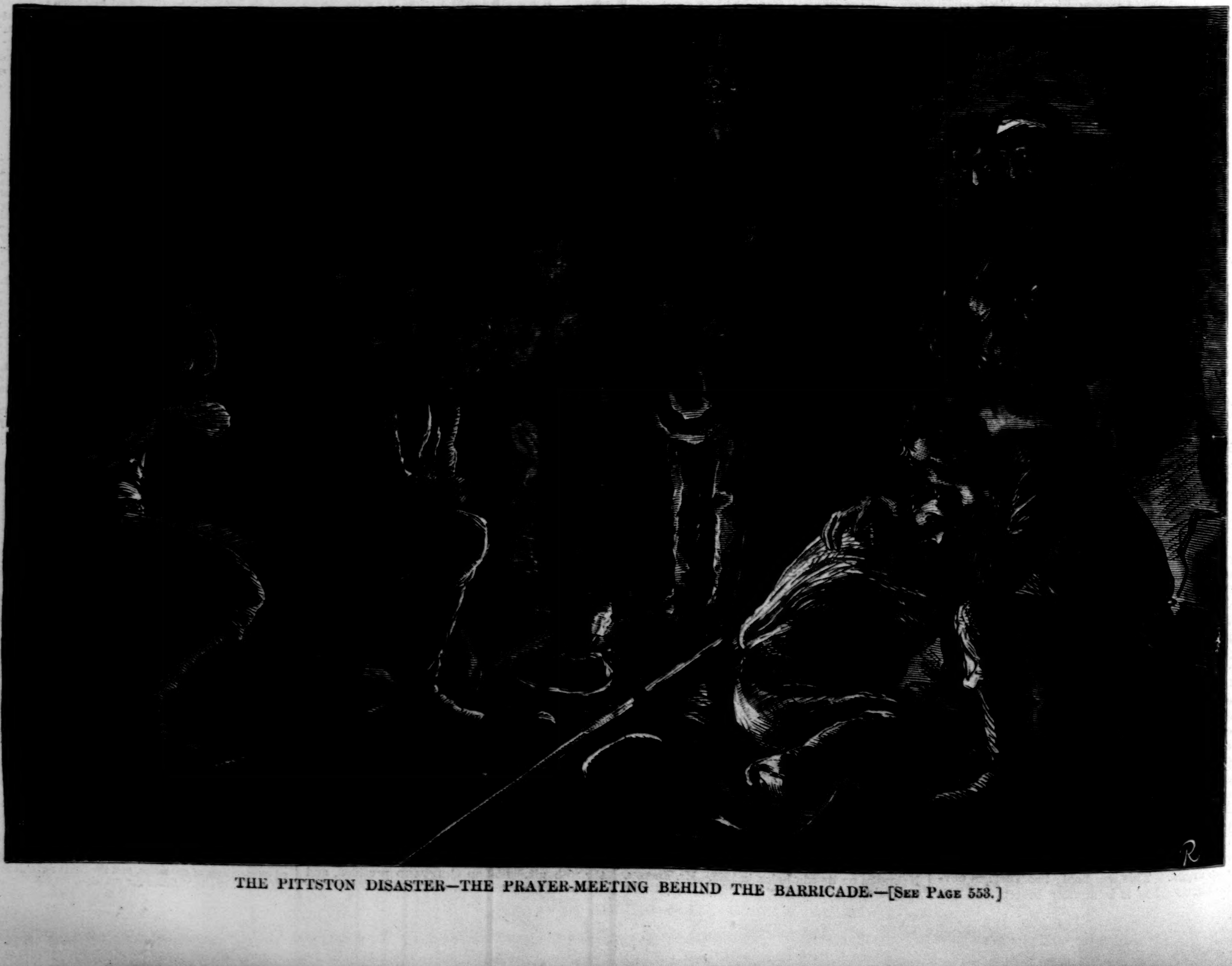


THE HON. GUNNING S. BEDFORD, Jun.—[Photographed by H. Merz, New York.]

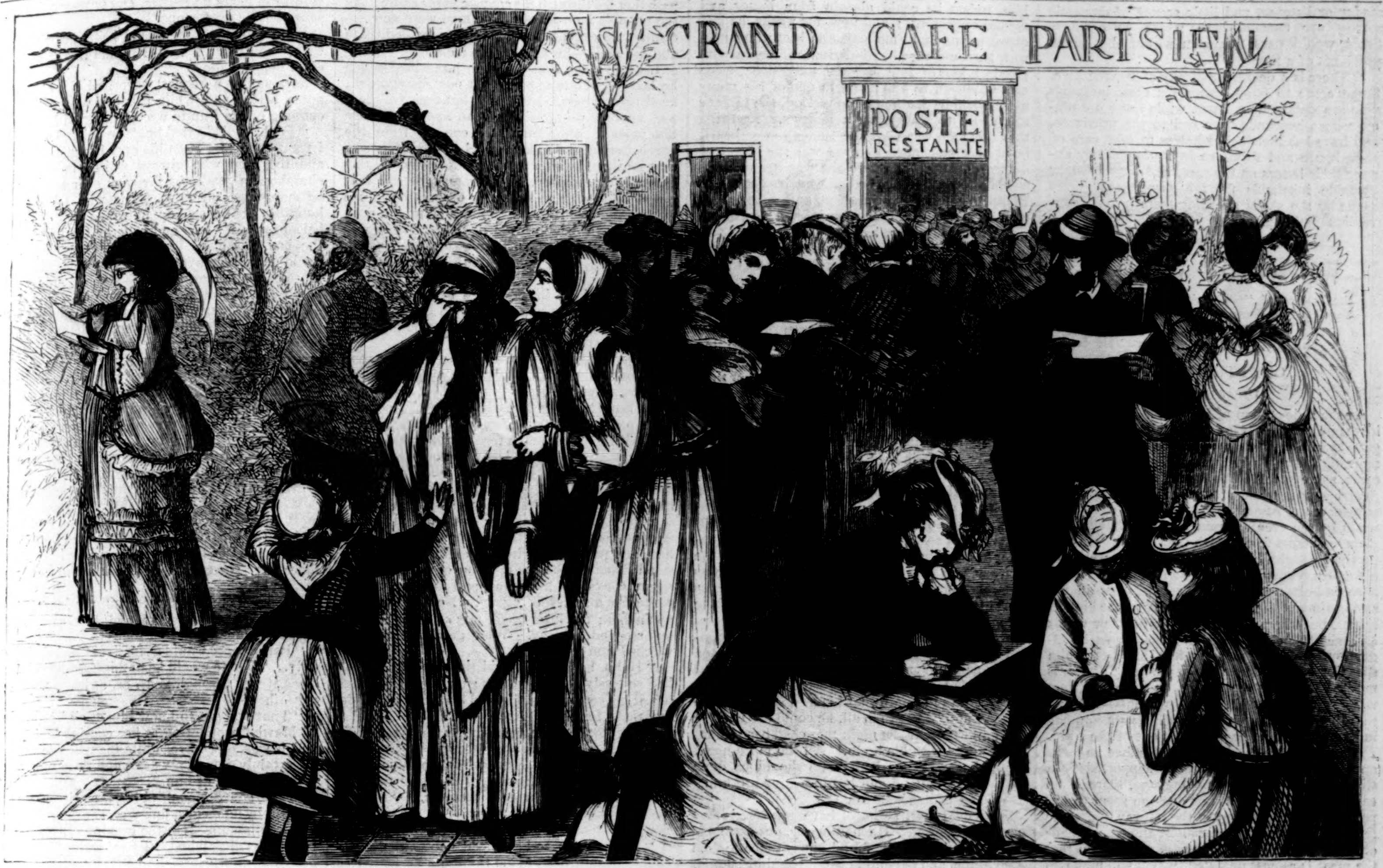
JUDGE BEDFORD.

The Hon. Gunning S. Bedford, Jun., who presides with wholesome rigor and impartiality over the Court of General Sessions in this city, is one of the youngest men on the Bench, having reached his present official position, some three years ago, at the comparatively early age of thirty. He comes of a distinguished ancestry. His great-uncle, Gunning Bedford, was Attorney-General and member of the Legislature of Delaware at the time of the formation of our national government, and a warm personal friend of General Washington. His father, the late Dr. Gunning S. Bedford, was eminent as a physician and scientific writer.

The Judge, whose portrait is given on this page, is a gentleman of fine classical and legal attain-



THE PITTSTON DISASTER—THE PRAYER-MEETING BEHIND THE BARRICADE.—[See Page 553.]



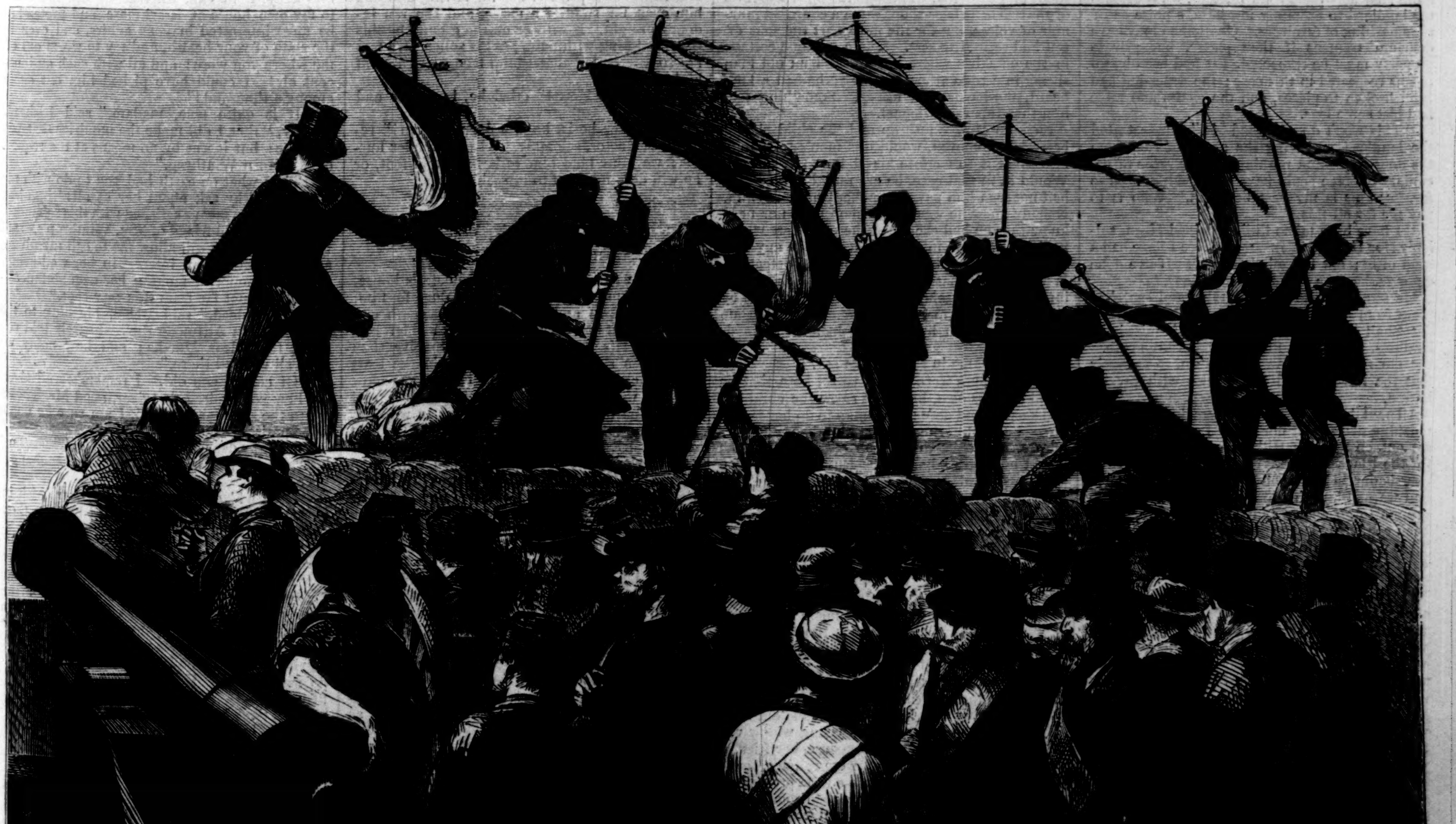
RECEIVING LETTERS OUTSIDE PARIS.

ments, having graduated at Columbia College, and afterward at the Harvard Law School. Though young he has had a varied and highly honorable career at the bar. As an advocate of ability and promise he attracted the attention of the Hon. A. Oakey Hall when that gentleman was District-Attorney, and was by him appointed as his assistant. He held this position four years, during which time he secured the conviction of such felons as Friery, O'Brien, Zeno Burnham, and Roger Lamb; and his popularity was so great that he was elected City Judge by a majority of over 70,000 votes.

Judge Bedford is an eloquent and fluent speaker, always pleasing in address, courteous in manner, and of a genial and social disposition. In stature he is slightly below the medium height, but well proportioned. His face is always lighted up with a pleasant smile, and the expression of his eye full of intellectuality. He dresses with punctilious neatness, usually in black. On the bench he is distinguished for the clearness of his decisions and the impartiality of his judgments. His position is no sinecure. Compelled to deal with every phase of crime and every grade of criminal furnished by a great and iniquitous city, he requires an intimate knowledge of character, as well as law, to mete out equal and exact justice. Thus far his career has been such as to elicit nothing but approbation from all good citizens, and to make the court over which he presides a terror to evil-doers.

RECEIVING LETTERS OUTSIDE OF PARIS.

The upper illustration on this page represents a scene frequently witnessed at St. Denis during the latter part of the second siege of Paris. St. Denis was filled with Parisian refugees of all classes, who, having no fixed place of residence, had their letters addressed to the "Poste Restante." A correspondent writing from the spot says: "The building is crowded with eager applicants for letters, who, as soon as they have received their due, hasten outside, where there is a most singular scene. Some come out with half a dozen letters, seat themselves on the ground, and begin turning over the envelopes, apparently trying to discover the name of the writer, or else to divine whether the precious missive contains good or bad news. Others boldly break the seal and read while walking backward and forward. This occasions endless collisions, terminating in an 'Oh, pardon, monsieur!' a very low bow, and a continuance of the walk. Sometimes a countryman may be seen anxiously looking for some good-natured face in the crowd. Having discovered one to his satisfaction, he asks the owner to read him his letter, adding, sorrowfully, 'For, you see, Sir, I can't read.' Others come in family parties, and having elected one of their members to act as reader, form a circle round him. Often a tear may be seen trickling down the cheek of a



FREEMASONS PLANTING BANNERS ON THE RAMPARTS OF PARIS.—[See Page 557.]

reader or listener, and little scenes of domestic sorrow are enacted here, which, in ordinary times, would pass unknown within the sacred precincts of a home.

“There is a decided majority of women here. Some come to fetch letters for their husbands who are detained in Paris, while there are others whose husbands have fled to the provinces, and have left their better halves to take care of their house and furniture in Paris. Many answer their letters on the spot, and have brought portable inkstands for the purpose, the holes made by the shells affording them a most convenient resting-place.”

WON—NOT WOOED.

By the Author of “Carlyon's Year,” “One of the Family,” “A Beggar on Horseback,” “Bred in the Bone,” etc., etc.

CHAPTER XLVI.

IMPASSABLE.

AT the little station of Dilton for Hillsborough it was unusual, even in summer-time, for passengers by the first class to arrive except by the morning and mid-day trains. Those who did so came, as we have said, to the railway inn, ordered a carriage to take them to see the light-house, and, in rarer cases, Anemone Bay, and then went back again by the evening train to the more civilized places of resort from which they came. On this particular night, however, albeit it is a wet one, a first-class passenger does arrive; there is also a second-class one—a handsome fellow in the spring-time of life, and apparently in the highest spirits, but whom we may dismiss in a few words as beneath our notice; a gig, or some such vulgar conveyance, comes for him and bears him speedily away. The more aristocratic arrival is muffled in cloaks and wraps, as though it were winter; he is slow in his movements—so slow that the other has hurried from the station, bag in hand, before he has well got out of the train. From what little can be seen of his face he looks an invalid, and his left arm is supported by a sling. Though he has no luggage, there is no carriage awaiting him, nor does he seem to expect one, and he puts up at the railway inn. The landlord, who is also the waiter, and who attends on him at supper, observes with satisfaction that the meat is almost untasted (which will make no difference in the charge for it), and that the sherry is absolutely untouched. This latter circumstance is the more remarkable since the guest, to his experienced eye, has he appearance of one who is given to strong liquor. Perhaps, however, the latter has drunk enough already, since he is affected with the hiccough, and that so severely that he can scarce articulate. He does contrive, however, to ask a question or two, such as folks mostly do ask, and in this respect shows no signs of intoxication.

He inquires, for instance—At what distance is the light-house and the village? Do many gentlefolk come to Hillsborough? Do they reside there permanently? Are lodgings to be procured, and where? etc., etc. To all of which the landlord answers to the best of his ability.

In the night a strange thing happens. A terrible hubbub takes place in the stranger's bedroom; shrieks issue from it; and, what decides the landlord to promptly interfere, a noise as of the smashing of furniture. Gentlemen may have delirium tremens if they please, but private property must be respected. It had been by no means respected in this case; the water-jug had been broken to pieces, and the chairs and table had lost some legs.

“This won't do, my good Sir,” remonstrated the landlord, surveying the scene of ruin from the door-way—and nothing but the sense of pecuniary damage could have tempted him even so far. “This is my best bedroom. Who is to pay me for all this?”

“I have been taken ill,” explained Horn, sullenly (for Horn it was). “I believe I have had a kind of fit; but I'm all right now. If I've done damage, here's a couple of sovereigns.”

He strode to the dressing-table and snatched them from a heap of shining coin.

“Shall I go for a doctor, Sir?” inquired the landlord, touched by this spectacle to the core.

“Go to the devil!” cried Horn, so savagely that the intruder fled to his wife with precipitation.

All next day Horn Winthrop remained in-doors, touching neither bit nor sup. In the evening he set out on foot for Hillsborough, alone, except for the Black Care that sat on his shoulders and overshadowed him wholly. The writ in ejectment had warned him that his enemies had found firm ground to go upon; and this apprehension had been confirmed last night by the landlord's talk. The witness Michael had evidently been discovered, and in a few days the great Wapshot estate would be wrenched from his usurping hand. He had taken no step to prevent it; the thought of its loss did not affect him, except so far as it might be a gain to those he hated—which would have been wormwood indeed. But there was no room for the thought of loss in his mind, which was monopolized by the idea of a vengeance that should render loss (or at least gain to his foes) impossible. The Black Care—which was almost Despair—that bestrode him arose from quite another cause: the sense of his own physical condition. He felt that he was on the brink of some dangerous, perhaps fatal, illness, and that only a few hours were left to him for the accomplishment of his fell purpose. The warning that he had had last night was unmistakable, and it was not the first by many that he had already experienced since his wound. His constitution was naturally one of iron; but it had suffered much from his excesses; the doctor had warned his patient that it would go hard with him, unless he could abstain from liquor and mental excitement; and now, for weeks, he had drunk spirits night and day, and been consumed with hate and rage. His irritation, mental and physical, had of late become excessive: sleep was unknown to him; and in one of his many night walks he had seen Philip Dod, the miller's son, about to start upon a journey. Knowing that this man was Caroline Vance's sweetheart, he at once concluded that she was the object of his travel, and that where she was her mistress would also be. Hence he had contrived to follow Philip to the railway junction, and even eventually to accompany him, unsuspected, to Dilton.

A fatal good-nature had induced Mabel to permit her maid to receive this visit from her lover. Of late she had herself, perhaps unconsciously, become more sensitive to the hardship of such separations; or, since war had been openly declared against Horn Winthrop, it may be that secrecy seemed no longer so essential to her. Carry had been “really very good” in absenting herself from Philip all these years; and it was not more dangerous for him to come to her than for her to return home; besides which, in the latter case, Mabel would have been deprived of the girl's services—just now, for a certain reason, more indispensable than ever. At all events, Philip had been invited. Enjoined to take every precaution, he had both started from Wapshot and arrived at Dilton by night, under cover of which the very pursuit, or rather the companionship, he would have avoided had been effected. The miller's son was of a frank, unsuspicious nature, to begin with; and his head throughout the journey was full of thoughts of her who was awaiting him at its close; while Horn was on his guard throughout, and had all the cunning of the savage. The strain upon the latter's mind, however, in watching and waiting and keeping himself concealed for so many hours, had exaggerated all his painful symptoms: his wound, which had quite healed, now gave him torture, when it was not so stiff and numb that his arm seemed to be frozen; and, worse than all, he could not conceal from himself that last night there had been something amiss with his brain. All the more need, then, that what he had to do should be done quickly, while hand and head remained to him.

What *was* he about to do?

He could not, perhaps, have answered that question himself. He had never put it to his own mind. When he found himself face to face with Mabel and her child it would be time enough for that. They were living in a cottage far removed from other dwellings, and unprotected by the presence of a man. So much he knew, and that was enough for his present purpose. Was he about to commit murder? He had never harbored such an idea; the very signification of the phrase was unintelligible to him, since it implies the consciousness of crime. He was about to right himself—it was not necessary, just now, to consider by what means; let it suffice that they should be effectual. Mabel's child should never inherit Wapshot, nor should its mother have cause to triumph over him. She had scorned him as a suitor, she had done him an ill turn by her marriage, she was now plotting his ruin. He would exact retribution for all that, and she should never vex him more.

He strode hastily through the village, the streets of which, though it was still early, were silent and deserted. Through the open windows of the two little beer-shops came a confused murmur of voices, but for the most part the sons of toil had retired to rest. There was one cottage in the outskirts where he observed an old man sitting in a rude arbor, smoking; he had a long beard, and looked half asleep. Something told him that this was Michael.

Suppose Mrs. Winthrop and the child should be—well—removed, would this man's testimony be sufficient to confute his claim to Wapshot? Would it, in that case, be even used at all? He had not seen him pass by; nobody had seen him. Nobody knew he was at Hillsborough, nor need know that he had ever been there. There would be risk, of course, in case he should take any very violent measures, but no certainty of detection. Where was it that he had lately read of all the inmates of a household having been destroyed by one determined man, who would have left no trace behind him but for a foolish act of inadvertence?

Here he came in sight of the sea.

Now if there were only a vessel here that he could call his own, he might carry the child off, and keep it, and defy this woman to do her worst. How she would cringe before him then, and supplicate, and offer to give up every thing if he would only spare her boy! But she should do that now—and he would not spare him. That must surely be her cottage in the copse yonder, beside the little bridge. A light was burning at the upper window, doubtless where the child was lying asleep.

Here the cottage door opened, and there came out of it two figures. One of these he recognized at once, and at the sight of *her* a dart went through his wound that almost made him shriek aloud. He threw himself upon the turf, for he was on a high and open down, and watched them intently. Mabel—for she it was—and her companion had fortunately taken the opposite direction—that toward Anemone Bay. The woman walking by her side he presently made out to be Martha Barr. Now that this young widow was about to become rich, at his expense, her friends, who had so long kept aloof, were rallying round her, then! Perhaps they were a little premature.

He waited till the two figures had rounded the cliff-top, and were out of sight, and was just about to rise, when once more the cottage door opened, and disclosed Philip and Caroline. It was lucky that he had not been too precipitate. They, too, tempted, doubtless, by the beauty of the summer evening, were about to take a stroll. They crossed the bridge beneath him, and took the path that led through the coppice to the shore. All the possible inmates of the cottage were now accounted for except the woman who resided there and the child—his enemy. With a wild beating at his heart, and that dull pain intensified which he had felt of late so often, but now disregarded, he arose and pursued his way; but even yet there was another obstacle. A head appeared above the bushes; some man was coming from the beach toward the village; and it was necessary that he should wait a few minutes longer, till this fellow had passed by. The worst of it was that it was impossible to avoid his observation. He was coming right toward him, and might even already have caught sight of him. There was nothing for it but to halt, and, turning his back upon the intruder, to affect to be admiring the prospect.

He could hear his footsteps and his labored breath as he came up the hill, and then a voice, in cheery accents, saying, “A fine evening, Sir! A fine view!”

Horn nodded without speaking, and the man went on his way. It was the village doctor, homeward-bound.

At last Horn felt himself alone. There was not a soul in sight. Before him, separated only by the little bridge and a few feet of coppice, was the cottage with its helpless inmates; for he had argued rightly as to its two only tenants. Unless the sky should hurl some thunder-bolt from out its tender gray, there was nothing to stay his avenging hand. Nothing; yet suddenly Horn stopped, as though in truth some bolt had struck him, and pale, and shrinking, and in mortal fear, stood listening—to the murmur of a stream. A spasm convulsed his frame, and forced from his white lips a shriek of agony. No step could he go farther; the little brook was as a bar of iron, and stopped the way. What devil had thus bewitched him?

“Hollo, hollo, Sir!” said the same voice that had so lately addressed him; for the doctor had heard his scream and hurried back. “Can I do any thing for you? Are you ill?”

“No,” said Horn, speaking with great difficulty, but resolute as ever of purpose. “I had a spasm, that's all. I am subject to them.”

“But you are ill, Sir, very ill,” said the other, gazing at his distorted features. “I am a medical man; I beg you will let me see you home.”

“I only want to be helped across that”—he could not now even name the thing he feared so—“that bridge. My way lies yonder.”

The doctor did not heed him. “Your hand is hurt, I perceive,” said he, with gravity. “May I ask how that occurred?”

“It was bitten, weeks ago, by a cursed dog!” cried Horn, forcing his words through his teeth.

“Is the dog dead?” continued the other.

“Yes; I killed the beast, you may be sure,” was the fierce reply. “Help me across, I say. My limbs are stiff; I can not move them. I will give you fifty pounds.”

“No, Sir; if you gave me fifty thousand I could not do so. Let me adjure you to come home—to my house, for the present.—Help, man, help!” shouted he to Philip, already seen returning through the wood in hottest haste, followed by Carry, on whose ear Horn's scream had fallen with a terrible significance. She feared some evil had happened to her precious charge. Her conscience pricked her for having deserted him even for so brief a space, and she ran indoors straight. Horn was on the ground by this time, writhing with pain, yet his sullen face was not so altered but that Philip recognized him at a glance.

“It is Mr. Horn!” cried he, in amaze and horror.

“Whoever he is, he is a doomed man!” replied the doctor, solemnly. “Bring yonder hurdle; we must bind him to it hand and foot, or he will do a mischief to himself and us.”

CHAPTER XLVII.

MARTHA FACILITATES MATTERS.

HORN was taken to the good doctor's house, where, in spite of all that could be done for him, he grew worse and worse. The strength and iron will that had been his attributes had left him wholly. His nerves were more sensitive than those of a sick girl. When sensible, the least noise, a change in the light of a candle, a shadow on the wall, gave him excruciating pain and fear. But for the most part he was in wild delirium, fighting with his dog Fang.

“His friends must be communicated with at once,” was the doctor's stereotyped remark so soon as he had satisfied himself upon his condition—a sad phrase at all times, but how infinitely sadder when the answer must needs be, “He has no friends!”

When the news arrived at Wapshot, however, it at once brought Mrs. Merthyr to his bedside. She had by that time been privately informed that he was not the rightful master of Wapshot; but that he had been once considered so was a claim upon her that her leal heart was quick to acknowledge.

“He retained me at the Hall,” said she, in her stiff-silk manner, “when he might well have dispensed with my poor services; nor can I forget that for twenty years I looked up to him as to my old master's son.”

It may be well imagined that this loyalty to the dying king did her no harm, either then or afterward, with his successors.

In one of his lucid intervals Horn begged her to send for Mabel; and she promised to do so.

“Do you think she will come?” inquired he, eagerly.

“I am quite sure she will come, Master Horn,” said she, soothingly; she had unconsciously got to call him by the same name that she had used when attending on him as a sick child. “Mrs. Winthrop bears no malice, and is very sorry for your terrible misfortune.”

“Do you think she would bring her child as well?” continued he. “I should like to see the child before I die.”

So singular a request surprised the old lady not a little; and while she hesitated the poor cunning of the frantic wretch deserted him.

“Fool! fool!” cried he, “be quick, be quick; I want them!” Then his eyes began to flame; and the men who always waited in the next chamber, in readiness for such changes, had to be summoned at once. His wild, triumphant laughter, his boasts how he would spoil fair Mabel's beauty for her, and squeeze the life out of the boy, disclosed his desperate purpose, and made Mrs. Merthyr's blood run cold with the sense of the danger to which she had almost exposed Mrs. Winthrop and her child.

And yet, though there seemed naught but evil in this man, his sufferings were such that in them every thing was forgotten by those about his pillow, whom he often besought to put an end to him, if they had a spark of pity left. And not by them alone. The very woman whose life he had imbittered, and whose destruction he had plotted with his last rays of intelligence, was the most deeply touched by his dismal fate; and though his death must needs remove the burden of her life, and bring safety to her child, she prayed for it not on that account, but on his own.

When, at last, he died, Martha Barr—who, most fortunately, as it had turned out, had been invited to Hillsborough directly the writ of ejectment was issued, and, of course, had remained there ever since—besought Mabel to send for Mr. Oakleigh.

“He seems, by your account, my dear, to be a decent sort of a gentleman, and, I am sure, would not mind superintending matters.”

“Perhaps *you* would write,” said Mabel, doubtfully. “There would be nothing strange in that, since it was through you—or, at least, Mr. Simcoe—that—”

“That you got to know him at all,” interrupted Martha, wondering at her cousin's hesitation, which was, of course, quite inexplicable to her. “Certainly, it was, my dear, and I'd as soon write to him as look at him.”

This conventional phrase, as it afterward proved, by no means, however, conveyed her genuine sentiments. On the evening after the invitation was dispatched, Richard arrived in person, and was shown into the cottage parlor. Then, for the first time in her life, perhaps, Martha Barr uttered a little shriek of terror.

“Oh, the double-faced wretch!” cried she. “Don't speak to him, Mabel; don't employ him; pay him his bill, and have done with him!”

She had placed herself between the visitor and her cousin, and was waving him off with both her hands, as drovers direct their sheep.

“This good lady has been also bitten by a mad dog,” thought Richard; and Mabel was no less amazed.

“My dear,” continued Martha, in great excitement, “I thought there was honor even among—lawyers: but this young man has been taking money from both sides. He was once, to my certain knowledge, an emissary of that unhappy Horn Winthrop.”

“Impossible!” cried Mabel.

“But I *know* it!” insisted Martha. “Let him deny, if he can, whether he did not come to my own house at Brackmere, and pretend to be most interested in your affairs, and even in the state of your health, and try to worm out of me where you were; and all with such an innocent air! I could have picked him out again among a thousand!”

“It is quite true, madam,” said Richard, gravely, “that I did make the inquiries that you describe; but it was by no means at the request of Mr. Horn Winthrop.”

“Then what on earth had you to do with my cousin? Why ask about her at all!” inquired Martha, by no means satisfied with this rejoinder.

“I was an old friend of Mrs. Winthrop's,” said Richard, “if she will allow me to call myself so, and naturally felt an interest in her well-being. I had the honor of making her acquaintance—years ago—not far from this very spot.”

“Yes, indeed,” said Mabel, blushing to the forehead, “in Anemone Bay.—I surely told you about that, dear Martha; and how nobly we were all rescued there.”

“Of course you did. I remember all about it; how you praised that dear, good Mr. Thornton to the skies—as, indeed, I am sure he ought to be praised—and—”

“But, my dear Martha, this *is* Mr. Thornton,” interposed Mabel, in confusion. “He has changed his name.”

“Oh-h-h!” exclaimed Martha Barr, with intense significance. “I am sure I beg ten thousand pardons.”

“Don't mention it,” said Richard, gallantly; “your mistake was very natural.”

“I don't mean *that* at all, Sir. I beg pardon for remaining in this room,” answered Martha, hastily gathering up her needle-work, “where two must needs be company, and three be none. I know all about it, bless you, without your saying a syllable. It's wholly unnecessary, my dear, I do assure you. *Why?* I can answer you by fifty ‘whys.’ Why should you never have told me that your Mr. Oakleigh was an old acquaintance? Why should he have come to me to make such particular inquiries after yourself? Why should you have bored me to death with praises of Mr. Thornton? Do you suppose I can't put two and two together? Well, at least, then, let me succeed in linking one and one.” The next moment this intrepid woman had seized a hand of each, and placed them in one another. It was impossible to resist her, and, indeed, neither had much desire to do so; but still their position was embarrassing. If the old lady had but taken herself off, as she had promised to do, the affair would have been arranged at once, and in the most satisfactory manner; but she remained, with a roguish smile upon her wholesome face, enjoying their confusion.

"There is no just cause or impediment, is there," inquired Martha, "to you young people being joined together in holy matrimony?"

"Heaven forbid!" said Richard, softly, his left arm stealing quietly round his beloved's waist. "I am sure I know of none; though, but for our excellent friend here, I should scarce have had the courage to say so—Mabel."

How lovingly he hung upon the word! Never before had Mabel known what tender music lay in her own name!

"I loved you, dearest," he went on, "from the first time I saw you leaning on the good Professor's arm. I was able to do you a service, and that made me love you more; but I was a poor man, and, worse than poor, dependent, and I could not in honor speak of that which filled my heart. Mr. Flint, indeed, offered to make such provision for me as would have enabled me to press my suit; but I had suffered bitter things from the patronage of others, and I was proud and bitter. I resolved to leave Shingleton, to avoid the temptation I could not withstand; and when I met you accidentally at the railway station it was the hardest trial I ever underwent to have to say good-by—and nothing more. I never forgot you, no, not for a day; but I never sought to hear of you. I knew that you had lost your father, and more than ever cursed my own poverty, since it put it out of my power to assist you in yours; but I knew nothing more. When I saw you at Wimbledon my heart leaped within me like a flame, and like a flame died out, when I found you were another's, leaving nothing but cold ashes. The legacy of my kind old friend, which fell to me a few months afterward, came all too late. Again I strove to shut you out of sight, for to forget you was as impossible as ever; and not until a year after your husband's death did I hear that you were a widow, and but ill provided for. Then I went down to Brackmere, as Miss Barr has told you, to find out where you were, and not without the hope that has this day—may I say so, Mabel?—blossomed."

"Of course you may, young man," said Martha, confidently—"that has blossomed into orange-flowers. Go on.—He isn't half so eloquent as he was behind your back, in Bellevue Crescent."

"To all my eloquence, however, this incorruptible lady turned a deaf ear," continued Richard, smiling. "I could learn nothing of you, nor did I until you came to me yourself in London; and then—"

"Well, what then?" interrupted Martha, impatiently. "What on earth kept you silent then?"

"*Then*, you were rich, Mabel, or on the point of being so—you are rich now; the mother of the heir of Wapshot, and I would scarce have dared to woo you to-day, but for—"

"Oh, Richard, how could you be so proud and foolish!" sighed happy Mabel.

"She's Won without Wooing, it seems, then," observed Martha to herself, and quietly slipped out of the room.

Then the affair *was* arranged at once in the most satisfactory manner.

As they sat side by side, cheek touching cheek, Mabel on her part confessed the love she had always borne him, and explained how poverty had worked with that mistaken sense of obligation to make her another's wife.

We know much of what she had to say, and can guess the rest.

Later in the evening, however, when Richard had gone back to the inn, Martha took her roundly to task for her past conduct.

"It seems to me you have treated this young gentleman far from well; and I do think, Mabel—although all has turned out for the best," she added, naïvely—"you should never have left my roof to marry Mr. Winthrop. I hope it was not from any sense of being a burden on me?"

Mabel could not afford to lose the good opinion of so tried a friend, and so she told her all.

"Well, I *am* sorry about that money," sighed Martha, at the end of it, settling her cap strings with trembling fingers.

"There is no need for sorrow now," urged Mabel, gently.

"I don't mean upon your account, my dear, but upon the iron-monger's, as your poor father used to call him. I am so sorry that it was not poor Cousin Job, after all, who sent the two hundred pounds. That letter of thanks of mine must have given him great pain."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

CONCLUSION.

Richard and Mabel were wedded at Wapshot, and resided there. If any remarks were made (as without doubt there were) upon the impropriety of a London attorney marrying into a county family, they did not disturb their happiness; and they were very happy. The great house, which had in old days struck Mabel with its chilly vastness, wore now a very different air to her—the bright, blessed look of home. Georgey Winthrop, dear to both of them, and who, to Mrs. Merthyr's exceeding scandal, will insist upon calling Richard "papa," has many a little playfellow of his own kin, to whose laughter the long corridors echo, to the patter of whose merry feet the oak floors ring. Once a year Michael Baird takes a journey to see his old favorite, and to help to keep Christmas-tide in the holly-decked hall. There Philip kisses Carry under the mistletoe, just as though she was not his wife, and because (he explains) he had such a deal of lost time to make up, which might have been spent in that amusement years ago; and there, on one occasion, Mr. Samuel Simcoe contrived (by a great effort) to pay the same compliment to Martha Barr. (It is not without reason, we fear, that Miss Jennings has been heard to say that there are "shocking goings-on" at Wapshot at Christmas-time.) He was fatter than ever at that period, and would not Bant; and unless Providence saw fit to shut him up in besieged Paris (which is far from likely, for what was there in Paris to lure a man from Brackmere?), where butter and other such hurtful things are unprocurable, he must be by this time Enormous.

His son, the divine, on the other hand, becomes thinner and thinner daily from fasting and asceticism. Moreover, he has of late been persecuted by the privy council (on account of his biretum), and is an acknowledged martyr. The prosecution is said to be "promoted" by Mrs. Bannacre; but this is an error, for promotion of that sort (as in the British army) costs a great deal of money. We are rather inclined to identify the sum of "eighteen-pence from an enemy of the false Church of Rome" which we find in the list of subscriptions applied to this purpose by "the Brackmere Dorcas Society" with Mrs. Bannacre's own pecuniary subsidy; though her moral support is doubtless given without stint.

Mr. Murk is the only one of the old servants who is not retained at Wapshot. Disgusted with this ingratitude, he took more than ever to spirituous liquors, until all the fine feathers, with which he had not omitted to supply his nest, had gone that way, and he was left without resources. Still young (and brave), he had thereupon enlisted again, not once, but half a dozen times, in different regiments, so as to diffuse his good influence as widely as possible. The military authorities, however, refusing to give credit to him for this motive, while acknowledging his claims to their attention, pronounced him a deserter; on which charge, and on the frivolous ground of making away with his regimentals, he is now in Milbank prison. In another part of that building—wherein the consolation of the fair sex is denied to the male inmates—resides the excellent Rachel. Her reiterated assertion, that "she knew her place," was of no avail with the hard-hearted judge as an excuse for her procuring one by means of a forged "character," and for stealing spoons.

Let us hope that, by some romantic coincidence, their terms of punishment may expire on the same day, and that Mr. Murk and she may meet on the Thames Embankment and marry; for they are eminently fitted for one another.

Mr. Frederick Pennant and his wife are still abroad, the former prospering, as his talents, and indeed his virtues—for he is a capital fellow—entitle him to do. The affection of Julia, now that her sister has remarried, has redoubled; and she has even invited the Oakleighs to Hong-Kong. This offer was not accepted, but a most cordial one was dispatched in return, asking the Pennants to Wapshot. It will be the first place they will come to when they return to England; and then the dear old days will be revived, without that little shadow, which, to *our* eyes (but then we are a man), should never have darkened them. In the mean time the children were sent over, four in the first batch, and then—with the utmost regularity—one per annum, to swell the merry music that makes the great house up in the Fells so glad. Mabel and her husband do not often leave it; but Widow Droop's cottage at Hillsborough has been enlarged and beautified for their reception, and thither every summer they repair with such a band of children that it might well be supposed they kept an infant school. Unhappily, however, this idea is not seriously entertained by the public. The information that "Mr. and Mrs. Oakleigh have left Wapshot Hall for their marine residence at Hillsborough," duly chronicled in the *Morning Post*, has borne evil fruit in making the place fashionable; and there is a plan extant on paper of a projected Esplanade, with dotted lines far out to sea, suggestive, it is feared, of a pier. Mr. Simcoe, on behalf of Brackmere, denounces this as ridiculous; but there is more than a suspicion in Richard's mind that the old gentleman has himself a share in the speculation. It will not be forever that Mabel and her husband will be able to walk out to Anemone Bay together, uninterrupted and alone, to watch the untiring waves surround that rock which had once so nearly been her grave-stone.

Occasionally, in the spring, they visit London; and the first time they did so, who should they meet—it was on a Sunday, and the episcopal Melcombe was following her with her devotional implements—but the ubiquitous Mrs. Marshall! Her joy was great and genuine.

"So you've got young Red-shirt at last," cried she, with enthusiasm. "I was so glad when I heard it, you can't think. Of course Mr. Winthrop was a great catch, and nobody can ever blame you for that, my dear. But this one is more suitable, isn't he?"

It was impossible to be angry with Mrs. Marshall, and though her remarks were a little awkward, the young couple only laughed at them. She was a privileged person, and will remain so to her dying day, which seems as far off as ever.

"Yes, my dears, I keep my health, thank Heaven," said she, in answer to their inquiries; "and Margaret—and Melcombe here—are all that I can desire."

It is probable that they will continue to be so, unless the fact should ever dawn upon them that all her money has been invested in a life annuity, which is, perhaps, the explanation of her tenacious vitality.

"What a funny end," continued she, in her sprightly manner, "though, of course, a very sad one, that poor Mr. Horn Winthrop came to, my dear! Bitten by your lap-dog, was he not? I thanked my stars, when I heard of it, that I never kept such a thing. There was some shocking story, too, about his illegitimacy. Son of the Wapshot housekeeper, was he not? But there; perhaps I'm treading on delicate ground. You must come and dine with me to-day. I'm staying at the *Langham*. Very well, then, if you'd rather be at home, and alone—for I see you have not been married long enough to be what the French call disillusioned of one another—I'll come and dine with *you*. Seven is the hour, I suppose? I'll say good-by now, because I am going to hear Mr. Claude Simcoe, the great preacher. Preaches in a hair-shirt, I hear, though, of course, he has other things on. Very good of him, no doubt, but very uncomfortable, I should think. Heaven bless you both!"

She came to dinner accordingly, and brought with her a marriage present. "It is a cozy, my dear, for the tea-pot. I dare say the other one is worn out; though, dear, dear, it seems but yesterday since I sent you the last! I dare say you found it very useful during illness. Poor Mr. Winthrop's break-up was a very sudden one, I heard. I never dropped in upon you, by-the-bye, at Wapshot in his time. There was, somehow, such a reserve about him; but I certainly shall *now*.—Mr. Oakleigh, I know you will be glad to welcome an old friend; and then I do so long to see your boy! But there, it isn't *your* boy, is it? However, it's Mabel's, and what is hers is yours, as you lawyers say. The idea of your being an attorney, and marrying into a county family! What luck it is—and how well you have deserved it!"

In that first year the happy pair paid a visit to Brackmere also, and were entertained in Bellevue Crescent at a state dinner (of three), for which all the resources of the establishment were put into requisition. No awkward allusions to the past were made by Martha Barr, we may be sure, who know her for a genuine gentlewoman. Still, when Mabel and herself had withdrawn to the little room above stairs, which had been Mabel's chamber, but which was now once more the drawing-room, and Richard was solacing himself for a few minutes with his wine below, Martha whispered through her tears: "That's the old port he's got, Mabel—the last bottle of that your father sent me from Swallowdip. I put the best face on I could, you know; but I had not the heart to produce it upon the other occasion. But now, thank Heaven! all has come right at last. God bless you, Mabel, my own sweet pet, as you deserve!"

We trust that the gentle reader will say with us, *Amen!*

THE END.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The forthcoming number of the *American Journal of Science* will contain an extremely interesting announcement in regard to American paleontology, namely, the discovery, by Professor Marsh, in the cretaceous beds of the Rocky Mountain region, of a huge pterodactyl, or flying lizard. This form has long been known as characteristic of the deposits of Europe, and has always attracted much attention from its combination of the characters of the bird and reptile; but until this announcement by Professor Marsh the family was not supposed to be represented in the New World. In adding the pterodactyl, therefore, to our list of genera, we show a marked increase in our paleontological affluence, and give additional point to the statement made some time ago in our columns that America, instead of being greatly inferior to the Old World in the variety of its vertebrate fossil remains, now bids fair to greatly exceed it in this respect.

The name assigned to this new species is *Pterodactylus Oweni* (in honor of Professor Richard Owen, of London), and it is believed to have had an expanse between the tips of the wings of at least twenty feet.

Those interested in the establishment of a zoological garden in the Central Park, whether to be kept up by the collection of a small entrance fee or to be free to all, may be interested to learn that, according to the report of the council of the Zoological Society of London, made on the 29th of April of the present year, the London gardens received 573,000 visitors in 1870, the total income from this source amounting to over $116,000. The whole number of animals in the menagerie during the year was 2118.

We regret to learn that during the recent revolution on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec a large number of valuable collections in natural history, made for the Smithsonian Institution by its correspondent in that region, Professor Sumichrast, were entirely destroyed in the course of the conflicts of the opposing parties.

The death of Dr. Schultz-Schultzenstein, a botanist of much eminence in vegetable morphology and physiology, is recorded in the foreign journals as having taken place at Berlin, on the 23d of March.

It is well known to naturalists that the black bass, now so common in the Potomac River, and furnishing so much sport to the angler, as well as constituting so valuable an article of food, is not indigenous, but has been transferred from other waters. The species of this genus (*grystes*) belong to the waters of the Mississippi Valley and of the great lakes, but on the Atlantic coast were originally restricted to the region south of the James River—the Potomac, Susquehanna, Delaware, Hudson, and other great streams of the Middle and Northern States being without them. They have been transferred to many localities, both streams and ponds, and it is likely that before a great while they will be well known throughout this country, as it is even proposed to carry them to California. Controversy has lately arisen as to the person to whom is due the credit of the first introduction of this fish into the Potomac, the honor being assigned by some to Dr. Eoff, of Wheeling, and by others to Mr. William Schriver. The question, however, can be readily determined by reference to the report of the Smithsonian Institution for 1854, where may be found a communication from Mr. Eoff himself on this subject, giving an account of the habits of the black bass, and stating that Mr. William Schriver, of Wheeling, thinking the Potomac River admirably adapted to the cultivation of the bass, had, the preceding season, carried some twenty or more alive in a box, in the water-tank of a locomotive, from Wheeling to Cumberland, his former residence, and placed them in a canal basin at that place, where he hoped they would do well, and be a nucleus from which the stock might soon spread. This, of course, effectually settles the controversy, in favor of Mr. Schriver.

M. Elisée Reclus, a well-known French writer, and author of a superb work upon the Physical History of the Earth, soon to be published by Harper & Brothers, has been appointed director of the National Library of Paris.

The Tehuantepec surveying expedition has been completed, and Captain Schufeldt has returned with the materials for presenting a report. This has not yet been made public, but sanguine expectations are expressed by him of the feasibility of the route, especially in regard to water for the high levels, there being a supply of this from a source never before thought of for the purpose.

At the meeting of the Geographical Society of London, May 8, a communication was read from Dr. Kirk, of Zanzibar, in reference to Dr. Livingstone. In this it was stated that a letter had been received by an Arab who had been employed to carry relief to Dr. Livingstone, who informed Dr. Kirk that he had had a communication from the Doctor, dated October 15. He was then at the town of Manakaro, waiting for the caravans, in good health, although he had been slightly indisposed.

The daily papers report the discovery and killing of a seal, weighing five hundred pounds, on the flats of the Delaware River, below Burlington, New Jersey.

The annual report of the Smithsonian Institution for 1869 has, after an unusual delay, just made its appearance from the public printing-office, and contains the customary variety of interesting matter, which has made this report so much sought after by persons of scientific tastes in the United States.

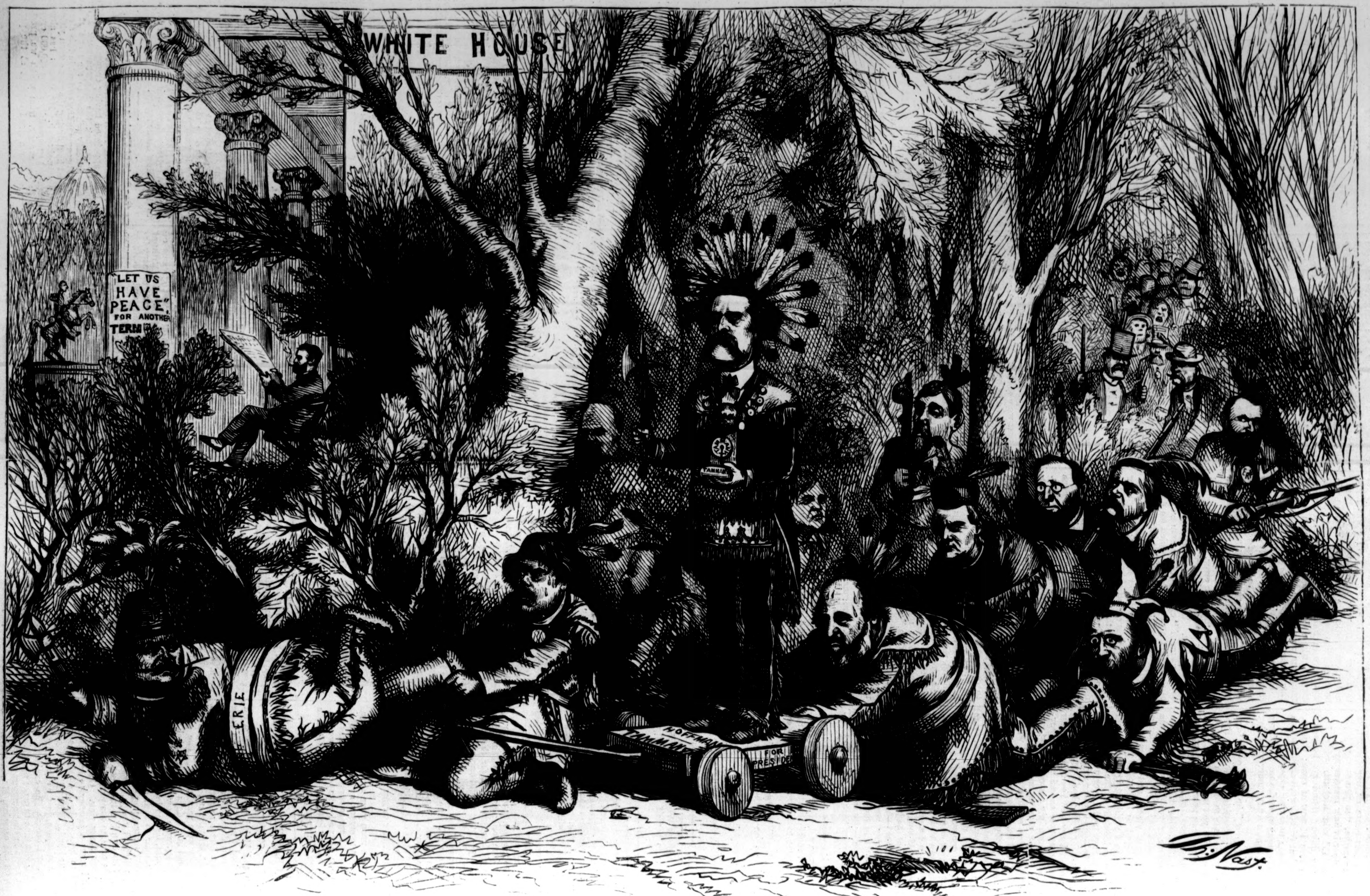
Preceded by the secretary's usual report of the operations of the Institution for the year, it contains in an appendix numerous articles, partly original and partly translations from such foreign journals as are not readily accessible to the American student. Among these may be mentioned biographies of Thomas Young, Augustus Bravais, Von Martins, and Marianni; an important original paper by Dr. Sterry Hunt on the chemistry of the earth; and one by Marey on the phenomena of flight in the animal kingdom; an extended paper by General Simpson upon the march of Coronado in search of the seven cities of Cibola; one by Sir John Lubbock on the social and religious condition of the lower races of man, etc. Our space will not permit us to enumerate all the papers in this valuable report, which is in no way inferior in interest to its predecessors.

The December number of the *Canadian Entomologist*, completing the second volume, has just been published at Toronto, and contains the usual miscellany of communications on matters of interest to Canadian and American entomologists, with a continuation of the compilation by the editor, Rev. C. J. S. Bethune, from Kirby's "Fauna Boreali-Americana," upon Insects of the northern part of British America.

During the summer of 1869 Captain Charles W. Raymond, United States Engineers, was ordered by Major-General Halleck to visit the Yukon River, with the special object of mapping out its course, and of determining the latitude and longitude of Fort Yukon, a post for many years in the occupation of the Hudson Bay Company, but which was believed to be within the new Territory of Alaska. In pursuance of this order he visited that region, accompanied by Mr. John J. Major, well known as a topographer and astronomer, and spent a number of months in the work. Owing to having been detailed to other duty shortly after his return, Captain Raymond was unable to complete the report of his exploration until quite lately. This has, however, been recently sent in to Congress, and has just appeared from the press of the public printer. It consists of a general introduction, summing up the progress of discovery in Northern Alaska, which is followed by an account of the expedition, the resources of the country traversed, and a detail of the physical observations. The longitude of the fort was determined to be 145° 17′ 47″, and its latitude 66° 33′ 47″, or just over the line of the arctic circle. Magnetic observations were made on a small scale, and in a table we find a statement of the absolute magnetic declination, the absolute inclination and horizontal intensity, and the total intensity at the fort.

Salt Lake City has lately been the scene of considerable activity, in connection with the arrival there of several government exploring parties, for the purpose of fitting out for their summer's campaign. Among these may be mentioned Mr. Clarence King's, who continues his geological and topographical exploration of the fortieth parallel eastward through Colorado; Major Powell's, who renews his examination of the cañons of Green River and the Colorado, and who is detained at Salt Lake City in consequence of the late melting of the mountain snows, the low stage of water preventing him from passing through the cañons; and a portion of Professor Hayden's party is also at the same place collecting animals and supplies for a visit to the Yellow Stone region.

The State of Virginia appears to be waking up to the importance of doing something to restore its languishing shad fisheries, the commissioners lately appointed having engaged Mr. Seth Green to restock the Rappahannock River. We have already referred to the fact that the shad have become nearly extinct in this stream, the largest haul during the past season yielding only ninety-six fish. Mr. Green has already hatched out successfully about 400,000 eggs in the Rappahannock, from which we presume there will be a good account at the proper time.

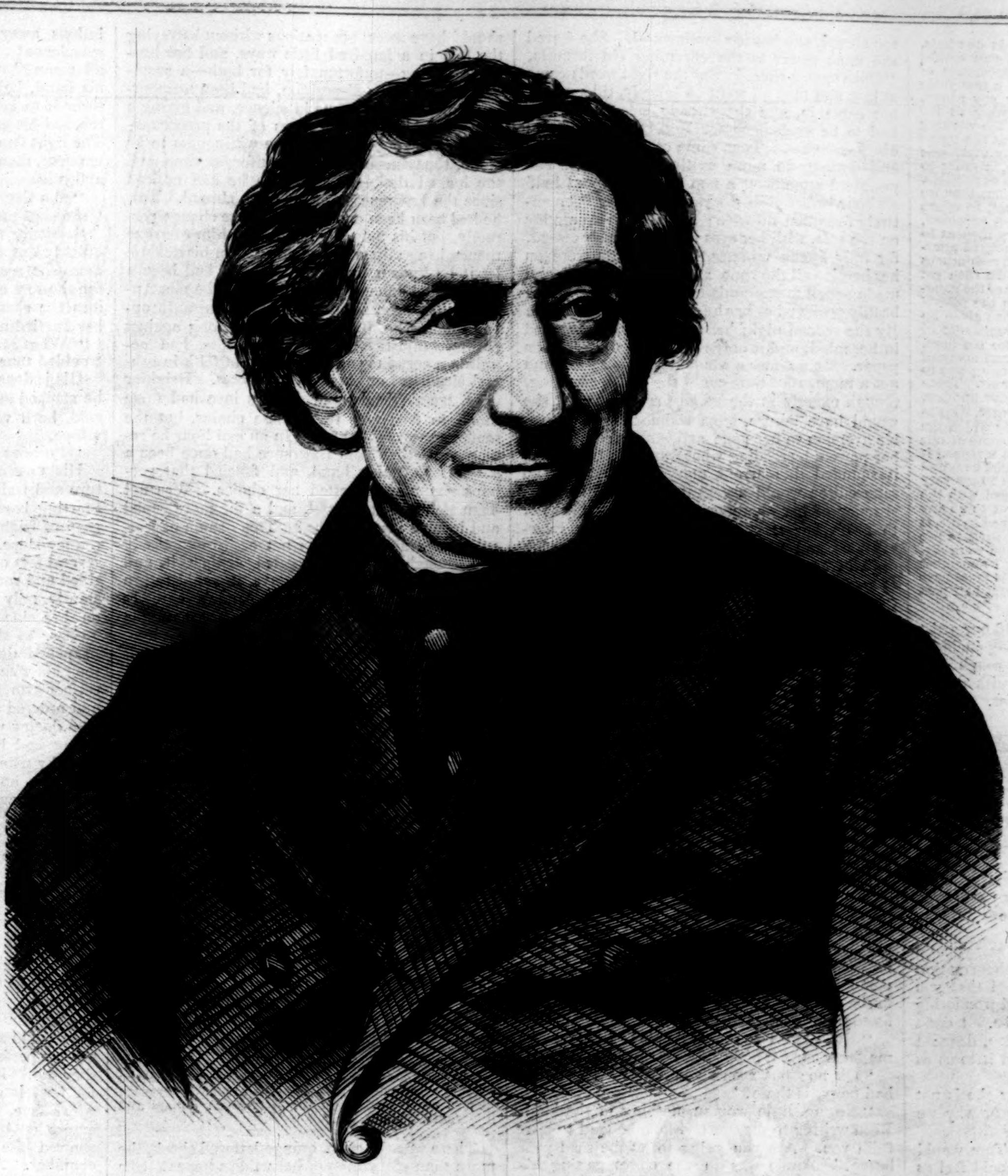

WHITE HOUSE
"LET US HAVE PEACE", FOR ANOTHER TERM
TAMMANY
HOFFMAN
TAMMANY
FOR PRESIDE
ERIE
Th: Nast.

ON TO WASHINGTON!

DR. DÖLLINGER.

This distinguished Bavarian churchman, whose portrait is here given, was one of the two brave men who, though fervent Catholics, headed the German remonstrance against the dogma of the infallibility of the Pope. The dogma had been adopted against the advice and opposition of the German bishops; but the Council supposed that, once promulgated, the people would accept it with unquestioning obedience, although it was manifest that it not only abridged individual liberty of opinion, but would interfere with the administration of civil government. Serious opposition first appeared in Catholic Bavaria. The Archbishop of Munich, although he had been one of the most strenuous opponents of the dogma in the Council, caused it to be promulgated without waiting for the permission of the government, and demanded its recognition by the theological faculty of the university. Two men only had the moral courage to refuse, Professor **Friedrich** and Dr. **Ignatius von Döllinger**.

In a masterly pamphlet, which attracted the attention of the civilized world, Dr. **Döllinger** declared that the dogma of papal infallibility contradicted both Bible and tradition, and would create interminable conflicts between state and church. The protest of a man so able and so distinguished caused great excitement at Rome, but does not appear to have taught the counselors of the Pope either wisdom or moderation. Dr. **Döllinger** was immediately excommunicated, together with all who had signed an address or memorial to the government in opposition to the promulgation of the dogma. This was proclaimed at Baireuth on the 31st of March last. On the following day a letter of thanks to Dr. **Döllinger** for his opposition to the dogma, and a declaration approving of the Munich address, both of which were signed by numerous Catholics, were sent from that town. In Würzburg and Passau similar declarations are being signed. The Augsburg address has received nine hundred, and that of Kronach one hundred and fifty-two signatures. The first series of addresses to the King of Bavaria in favor of Dr. **Döllinger** are said to have received more than ten thousand signatures. The king himself, though a zealous Catholic, sympathizes with the opposition, and has sent a letter of approval to Dr. **Döllinger**.



DR. DOLLINGER, EXCOMMUNICATED BY THE POPE.

On the other hand, a very large number of protests against the declaration of Dr. **Döllinger** have appeared, and are still in the course of preparation. Those which are already published have for the most part proceeded from the clergy, who protest against the assertion that "thousands of priests" are opposed to the decision of the Council. The supporters of the doctrine of infallibility assert that more time is required to collect lay signatures, but some lay addresses have already been made public. The *Vaterland* gives a German translation of a Latin address presented to the Pope by the Catholic students of Würzburg, in which, after referring to the occupation of Rome by the Italians, they assure his Holiness of their unwavering devotion.

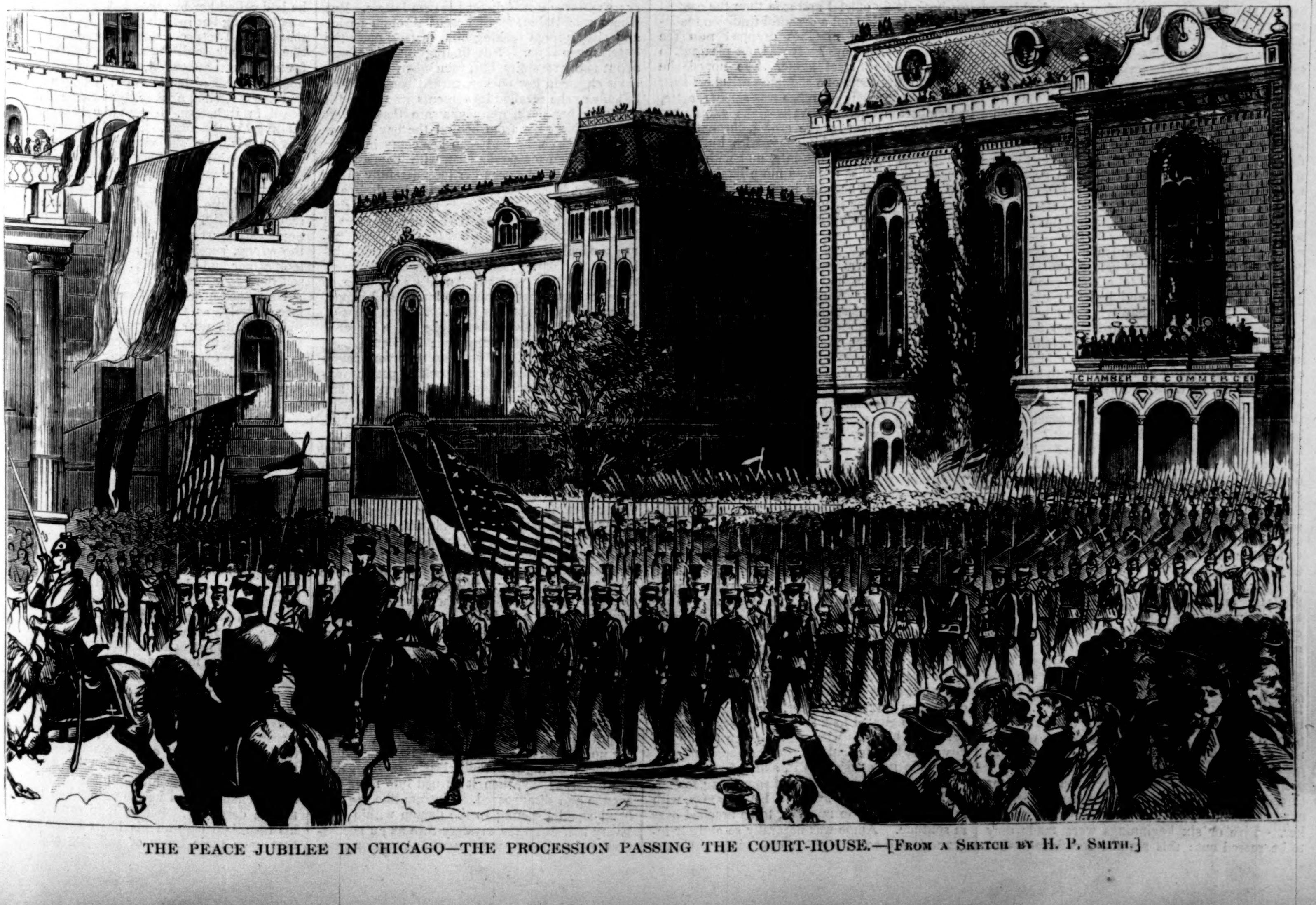
GERMAN JUBILEE IN CHICAGO.

A **celebration** of the German victories took place on the 30th ult. in Chicago, very similar to the jubilees in New York and Philadelphia, of which we have given sketches in the *Weekly*. It was a splendid affair. The procession, of which we give an illustration on this page, contained over 30,000 persons, and made an imposing appearance. Among the most striking features were companies of Uhlans, Blue and Red Hussars, infantry, grenadiers, band of Teuton warriors, the Emperor **Barbarossa**, with knights, heralds, and pages, **Gutenberg**, **Frederick William**, the great Elector, with ancient Brandenburg cavalry grenadiers, **Frederick** the Great with suit, **Handel** and **Haydn**, **Beethoven** and Muses, tableaux representing historical events, charioteers appropriately costumed—many being of a most gorgeous character—and trades represented at work. Over twenty bands of music were in the procession, and thousands of banners.

PRAYER-MEETING IN A MINE.

There is something very touching in this simple and straightforward statement of one of the survivors of the West Pittston mine disaster:

> "I was down in the mine, and received the first intimation of the disorder by observing at a distance some sparks falling to the bottom of the shaft. I then went forward to see what was the matter, when a shower of pieces of burning timber came pouring down the shaft. I ran back at once and gave the alarm of fire to the men who were working in the west chambers, and we all made a rush for the bottom of the shaft, but we found the timber falling in such quantities we could not approach to look. We stood for a few moments and looked at each other in blank amazement. In a short time a volume of heavy smoke came rushing into the gangway. As soon as this was seen a cry of terror arose from the lips of each, and we saw at once the foe we had to contend with. We knew that we could live longer in bad air than we could in smoke, and that unless the gangway was closed it would rush along and fill all the chambers. Our only chance, then, was to stop up the passage and retreat into the chambers. We went back about three hundred feet from the bottom of the shaft, to the west head of the mine, and commenced building a barricade. This was about four o'clock. In about two hours we had the passage stopped, so that we thought nothing could get through. We soon found, however, that the smoke had gained an entrance,



THE PEACE JUBILEE IN CHICAGO—THE PROCESSION PASSING THE COURT-HOUSE.—[From a Sketch by H. P. Smith.]

and we commenced again carrying culm in our hats, and used all the handkerchiefs we had and stuffed them in wherever we could find the appearance of a hole. We then took up our position a few yards from the barricade, and listened to hear any sound, but could only hear the falling of timber at the shaft; at one time we thought we heard the working of a fan, but found afterward that it was the trains passing over the road, which was directly overhead; we extinguished all the lamps but two, in order to limit the consumption of oxygen as much as possible. After we had remained in this position some time we found the air getting foul, and moved back to where it was purer. A prayer-meeting was then proposed, and all joined in. There was no inquiry then as to what church any of us belonged. We prayed alternately, and sang a verse of the hymn which commences with 'Before Jehovah's awful throne.' We then sat down, some of us leaning against the walls of the gangway, and some lying with their heads in the others' laps, each one praying fervently, for we had given up all hope, and determined to spend the remainder of life in preparing as well as we could for the next. Soon the gas began to affect us severely, and many of our numbers commenced running from one place to another, moaning fearfully, and crying for air. There was but very little weeping; and one of our number, named John Burroughs, who was a carpenter, tried to give us life and hope by affecting a gayety which the poor fellow did not feel. He put down some of our names on a board with a little chalk, and strapped it on his back, so that if he was found it might be found also. At about nine o'clock the air began to get very bad, and some of our number got stupefied with the gas and rolled over. We did not attempt to do any thing with them, as we thought, since we had to die, it was better not to attempt to bring them back to life and suffering. They fell on the track, and were discovered in this position. The last thing I remember was seeing the lamps burning dimly. This must have been about ten o'clock. I was found about half past nine o'clock Sunday morning."

In the large illustration on page 548 our artist has endeavored to realize the touching incident of the prayer-meeting, where the rough and hardy miners, brought face to face with death, sought consolation and relief in prayer.

MRS. DANA'S SECRET.

"The Lawrences are going abroad," said Robert Dana to his young wife one evening. "I met Tom to-day, and he said he and Carry would sail on the 26th, and the furniture be sold at auction."

"Oh, how we shall miss them! and what a pity to have that handsome old furniture scattered among strangers! We have had many happy times there, Robert."

"Yes, Annie; it was there I first saw you, do you remember? You were playing chess on that old Chinese chess-table, so absorbed that you did not see me come in; and I stood wondering who that little maid in blue could be. I don't like to have that table sold at auction, dear; I wish it would occur to Carry to send it to us as a farewell present."

"That would be very nice; but as she is not at all romantic, she has no idea how or why we value it."

"I suppose if I offered to buy it, Tom would not accept any pay; and then we should feel as if we had begged a present."

"Yes; and, besides, we can not afford it, Robert."

"How much is it worth?"

"It must have cost a hundred dollars when it was new; but I presume it will go for fifty, as it is somewhat defaced. We must not think of it, though, dear. You know the last of our 'luxury-fund' went for the Dickens reading, and we agreed to have no more treats till fall. I dare say we should not play very often if we had it—reading aloud is so much nicer. Did you bring home *Harper's Weekly?*"

Thus the brave, conscientious little woman turned away from the tempting theme, and it was not resumed between them. Annie Dana, however, had a great fund of that tough quality which is now blamed as "obstinacy," then praised as "firmness." The more she told herself the chess-table was unattainable, the more did a persistent inner voice reply, "I must have it?" But how? Dozens of schemes occurred to her, but none that seemed practicable. When she awoke in the night, the weary question flashed back, and with it, like an inspiration, its answer. She would write a story for the —— *Magazine*, and so earn the needful money. Had she not at school, several years before, sent two or three anonymous stories to a country weekly, just for the frolic of it, and had they not been printed? To be sure, they were not paid for. She would almost have scorned money then, so deliciously sufficing was it to see her own words in print. But there must be the sordid reality of payment now; and how delightful to surprise Robert with the table, show him her article, and enjoy his appreciating praise! But before this dizzy climax could be reached much must be done. What should she write about? When find time? How bid for the table? And all without Robert's knowledge? Absorbed in these questions, she appeared sadly absent during breakfast, greatly to her husband's surprise and mystification. After she had put two spoons in his saucer, asked for butter when already supplied, and poured maple sirup over her steak, he began to be alarmed, insisted on feeling her pulse, and inquired if she had slept well. Annie disclaimed sickness, but admitted that her night had been restless; and finally, to please him, promised to take a nap during the day. Never having concealed any thing from him before, the weight of a secret was far from pleasant; but she consoled herself by thinking how well it would all end. For the first time since she knew him she was glad to have Robert go, so eager was she to be free to plan, perhaps to write, her story. Her usual duties about the house were faithfully performed; but the outline of a romance was flitting through her head all the time, and she was glad when free at last to sit down at her desk.

For an hour her pencil flew busily: ideas thronged at her bidding; words came freely to express them. The first sentence only troubled her. Five or six beginnings were made only to be scored out: this seemed too formal, that too abrupt, another too sentimental. She feared she must resort to the charming old formula, "Once upon a time." But the right words came at last, and then all went on bravely, till a neighbor came in, and the already beloved heroine had to be exchanged for Robert's afghan and every-day chat. Then came other interruptions and duties: no more writing that day. The promised attempt at a nap occurred about half an hour before Robert's return, having been entirely forgotten till then; and though Annie lay on the sofa, with her eyes conscientiously closed, for fully fifteen minutes, her thoughts were on her heroine all the time, and once she sat up and made pencil memoranda on the back of a letter, hastily pocketed as her husband's step was heard. By the second night her plot was fully sketched in her mind, and it only remained to put it upon paper. Sometimes a whole day would pass, and not a moment of time could she find for writing, though exactly in the mood for it. Again, she would have leisure, but an almost unconquerable aversion to her pen; and if she tried to rally her powers by reading what was already written, it sounded like arrant nonsense: certainly no sane editor would accept it. The native persistency of her character, however, enabled her to finish her task, in defiance of many interruptions and discouragements, and the rough draft of her story was completed in two weeks. It was a funny-looking affair, on no less than twenty-three pieces of paper—half sheets and whole sheets, backs of envelopes and concert programmes; white, brown, and tinted paper; some in pencil, some in ink—a most disreputable medley; but she was a happy little woman as she scrawled the last line, straightened her cramped shoulders, pushed her hair back from her flushed cheeks, and whispered, "Done at last!" A timely term of bad weather gave her leisure to copy it promptly. She knew enough to be carefully legible, and to write on only one side of her paper, but was profoundly ignorant of the proper length of a magazine article. In order to make some estimate, she read first her own MS., then a monthly installment of "The Woman's Kingdom," and, finding the time occupied was about the same, began her copying hopefully. Three days more, and this tedious work was done. She was arranging her neat pages when Robert's step was heard on the piazza. She nervously crushed the MS. into her port-folio, and was just turning the key as her husband entered, but looking so guilty and confused that he exclaimed,

"How scared you look, Annie! Did you take me for a burglar?"

"Oh no; but aren't you early? There's no bad news, is there?"

"No, no, little woman, nothing of the kind. Been writing to mother? She'll be glad to hear from you. Are you going to let me read your letter?" Annie was in the closet getting his slippers, so he did not see her troubled face as she made some evasive answer, and changed the subject. Robert referred no more to her writing, and Annie believed his suspicions were not excited—that he would think of it no more. This was far from being the case, however.

The day before the Lawrences sailed Annie mailed her precious MS. It was too large to be put into a street box, nor would she have dreamed of intrusting so sacred a secret to any thing less imposingly official and safe than the central office itself. Had not a dreadful tradition reached her of lighted matches dropped into the boxes by fiendish boys? It was not pleasant to go down State Street alone. She hoped she should not meet any one she knew—Robert least of all. Fortunately his office was safely remote, in Pemberton Square. At last she gained her destination, pushed by the crowd, flushed from being stared at, breathing fast with hurry and excitement, but quite resolute, and with a sort of vague belief that she was more likely to succeed in her plan because it was painful in the execution. In her ignorance of postal law, and her fear lest some harm might befall her MS., she had wrapped, tied, and sealed it with comical security, thereby doubling its weight. She was somewhat surprised to be charged thirty-six cents postage; but had you told her to cut open the ends, label it "Author's MS.," and put on a couple of two-cent stamps, she would have been shocked by the insecurity and publicity of such a method. In her anxiety to make the address legible she had printed it so that "Editors of —— *Magazine*," etc., etc., might have been read across the street. Inclosed with the story was a note asking the editors to accept "Stella's Summer by the Sea," and address reply to "Mrs. Cynthia Sullivan, Brookline, Massachusetts." This elegant *nom de plume* had been adopted, after days of deliberation, for two sage reasons: "Cynthia" was so uncommon there would be small probability of its being borne by any one else, while the common Irish "Sullivan" might induce the postmaster to suppose, when she called for a letter, that she inquired in behalf of her cook. She could but laugh at the sagacity and ugliness of the combination. Her darling was now fairly committed to the rude world. She felt like a mother on the marriage of an only daughter, as she hurried away, frightened, proud, hopeful, fearful, and was soon safely homeward bound in a brown car. Ah! Annie, you little knew that your husband's eyes were on you as you flitted through that crowd; that his evil genius was whispering that Tom Lawrence's office was on State Street, whence you came with that agitated look! All the evening he expected to hear his wife mention her trip to the city; but having had but the one secret errand, she made no allusion to it, and, of course, her silence confirmed his fears of something to conceal, and was laid away in his memory, with many another little mystery, to be brooded over in solitude. Annie was naturally so entirely ingenuous and confiding that it was impossible she should have secret occupations without betraying the fact in a hundred little ways, and her husband having—unfortunately for both—a suspicious and jealous disposition, had been tormenting himself all this time in silence, and giving a dozen morbid interpretations of the preoccupation, the changes of color, the willingness to be alone, the reluctance to account for her time, and the locked desk—all of which he had noticed since the Lawrences decided to go abroad. Yes, he had been keen enough to date the change correctly, but his unhappy temper led him to argue thence in a sadly unjust manner. In his defense let it be known that his childhood had been a warped and unhappy one; that until he met Annie he had been a lonely, almost a misanthropical man, who, having contended long against poverty, injustice, and repeated loss, had acquired a certain cynicism, a want of faith in others' sincerity or his own success. Brighter days, truer friends, and Annie's love had done much to free him from these chains, but the tendency was still there. In an evil hour he remembered that Tom Lawrence had once been a suitor for Annie's hand, and fancied that perhaps she now regretted her choice. Was not Tom rich and successful, and a far more genial and lovable man than he? This demon of jealousy, once admitted, was not easily exorcised; and though Robert struggled against it, and sometimes banished it for days, it would return and torment him, till even Annie's caresses seemed but indications that she was acting a part—trying, from a sense of duty, to love him. With such a fire within, no wonder his moods were fitful—his manner now strangely harsh, now mournfully tender. Sweet-tempered Annie ascribed it all to the cares of business, dull weather, and east winds; feared he was dyspeptic, and strove with forty-sunbeam power to charm him into serenity. As days went on she had her own inward anxiety to bear, for no reply came from the editors. Every other day she inquired at the post-office for "Cynthia Sullivan," but without success, till, at last, during the third week of suspense, an envelope bearing that graceful name was actually handed out to her. Well was it that the postmaster was boxed in behind high wooden barriers, or he must have observed Mrs. Dana's strange agitation over her cook's letter. She lost all sense of the ground beneath her feet as she hurried through the village, and out on a by-road, where, seated in a gap of the wall, behind a tangle of clematis vines and barberry bushes, she read, through happy tears, these beautiful words:

"*Mrs. Cynthia Sullivan:*
"Dear Madam,—Your MS., 'Stella's Summer by the Sea,' is accepted for —— *Magazine*, and we herewith inclose for it our check for forty-seven dollars and fifty cents. Yours, etc."

There was the crisp, orange-lettered check, the more than realization of her wildest hopes! She felt that these editors were her dearest friends, and longed to do something to express her gratitude to them. It was almost too good to be true! and, as she walked happily home, one hand in her pocket clasping the wonderful letter, she feared she should wake and find it all a dream. Going in, she found on the table her husband's hat and an unopened letter, with a Liverpool postmark, addressed to her in Tom Lawrence's well-known handwriting. Of course it was from Carry; she never *would* direct her own letters. But where was Robert? She went through parlor and sitting-room seeking him, tearing open the letter meanwhile. Not finding him, she was about going up stairs, but, remembering the precious check in her pocket, turned back, smiling happily as she recalled its contents, and locked it safely in her desk, quite unaware that Robert was watching her from behind the bay-window curtains. Yes, he had seen her come in, more joyously than for weeks past, with Tom's letter open in her hand; seen her look carefully about the rooms, hastily secrete a billet in her desk, and pocket the key. She never used to lock that desk, or have any secrets. To be sure, she showed him her letter afterward—but *that* was from Carry; the inclosure, so carefully hidden, was doubtless from Tom. And yet, while all his worst fears were thus revived, Annie's eyes were so pure and true, her manner so loving and happy, he could not doubt her long. After a night of reflection he resolved that if she had a secret it could not be an unworthy one: he would trust her and respect it. If her heart ever *did* regret its choice, he would win her back by patient tenderness; for he well knew that if ever man had a guardian angel, his little wife was his.

Now followed many happy weeks, during which Annie showed no absence of mind, made no mysterious journeys, received no private letters. Robert's resolutions were easily kept, and he almost forgot the perturbations of the summer. Coming home by an earlier train than usual one frosty evening in November, as he turned up the hill from the station he saw his wife, a few rods before him, coming from the post-office with a letter in her hand. She went slowly homeward, reading as she walked, too much absorbed to hear him behind her. "What can interest her so?" he wondered. Just then the envelope, a common yellow one, fell from her hand and fluttered down the icy path toward him. He picked it up, intending to laugh at her carelessness, but one glance at the address drove all color from his face, all jesting from his mind. "Mrs. Cynthia Sullivan," in a strange, masculine hand. For a moment Robert stood still; the November night seemed to close dark and cold around him with a chill that penetrated to his heart. Looking up at last, he saw his wife's light figure for an instant on top of the hill clearly traced against the lowering sky, then it turned into their own avenue and disappeared. Sintram-like the husband stood listening to the demon within him. Every half-forgotten mystery rose as an accusation against poor Annie, carrying all good resolutions away like a flood. "A secret correspondence! A feigned name! What could it all mean?" Crushing the hateful envelope in his hand, he strode fiercely on, determined to show it to her and demand to be told all. He reached his gate just as Annie entered the house. The light from within gleamed down the path a moment, then the door closed, and all was dark and cold.

"She does well," muttered Robert, bitterly: "she shut me out of her confidence long ago."

Suddenly the door re-opened. Annie came quickly out and down the avenue toward him. Does she see him? Oh no! She is searching for the lost envelope. Her husband drew back into the shadow of the hedge, watching unseen her flurried motions.

"What *shall* I do?" she exclaimed, in a low, troubled tone, close beside him.

His jealous mood swept over him like a wave; he stepped suddenly out before her, saying, in a cold, hard voice, as he thrust forward the envelope,

"Perhaps *this* is what you have lost!"

His unexpected appearance, passionate gesture and rude tone gave Annie a terrible shock. Starting backward, catching her breath with a gasp of fright and pain, she lost her footing on the icy slope, and fell down an embankment of several feet on to the carriage drive below. Terrified and remorseful, Robert was beside her instantly, only to find her lying, white and silent, on her side, her left arm broken under her. Neither of them ever knew very clearly what happened during the next half hour. Robert took his wife into the house. The doctor came, set her arm, prescribed for a disposition to fever, and ordered entire quiet. Annie scarcely spoke. The doctor was surprised to see one usually so bright and brave now apparently entirely subdued by pain. How could the good man know that the husband, whose loving concern was shown in every look and movement, had been the cause of the accident and of the mental distress, beside which the physical pain was as nothing? Annie had been perfectly aware of her husband's state of mind when he sprang out upon her. She knew that he suspected her of something wrong; that he was angry; had prejudged her cruelly. With all her sweetness of temper and warmth of heart, she had a good share of personal dignity and womanly pride; and to be condemned unheard, on a mere mystery of appearance, was more than she could well brook. She was too much hurt to offer any explanation. How could she when he had asked none? No; she lay perfectly still, submitting passively to all they did. Robert was more wretched than she, for he felt guilty. The white patience of his wife's face, her silence, and the bandaged arm across her breast reproached him horribly. He showed the doctor out, and returned to the chamber. Annie did not look up. Martha, the cook, who was very fond of her young mistress, was sitting beside her.

"If you please, Mr. Dana, I'll stay with her while you has your tea. It's all ready below, Sir."

Annie did not speak; so he went down and made a forlorn attempt at a meal. How empty the room was without its queen! how utterly desolate! He kept trying to think what he had said in that wild moment at the gate. He knew he had called her by every loving name while he was bringing her in, but he could not remember that she had returned one kiss, one loving word. She had only said, "Take care, Robert; it is broken;" and afterward, "Don't mind; it does not hurt much;" but her eyes had been averted, and her voice had a repressed tone he had never heard in it before. By-and-by he went back, sending Martha away. Annie's eyes were shut, but he felt sure she was not sleeping. Her cheeks were brightly flushed, her breathing rapid.

"She is as unhappy as I am," thought Robert. "How can she have the perfect repose the doctor ordered till we understand each other and are reconciled? This silence is killing us both. Somebody must speak first. It is she who is in the wrong, surely it is; and yet why can not I look at her and believe it? Why do I feel myself the guilty one?"

He leaned over his wife and studied her sweet face eagerly, as these thoughts agitated him. She felt him near, and yet how distant! Hot tears sprang to her closed eyes, hung on the thick lashes, ran over her burning cheeks, but she dared not look up. Pride was afraid of giving way. Robert saw her lip tremble, her tears fall, and he broke down.

"Oh, Annie, my wife, speak to me! look at me! I am afraid I have been harsh and cruel to you; but why, why do you have a secret from me?"

Wide open, honest, fearless were her eyes then.

"Robert! Robert! it was no harm. Could you not trust me? But I will tell you every thing. I never will have another secret. I have hated myself all the time. But it was only a story, for a surprise; and I am so glad that I need not be sly any more!" And then she burst into such wild sobbing and crying that Robert was fairly frightened.

He had never seen her beyond her self-control before, and, like all usually quiet and serene persons, her giving way was entire, and most distressing. It was a long time before she could tell her story coherently. In vain Robert begged her to wait till morning, assuring her that he was perfectly satisfied. She felt she could not sleep till every cloud was cleared away; so at last—interrupted by her own tears or laughter, by his tender caresses and self-reproaches—the whole history of the manuscript, the table, and letters was told. How the husband felt, as every link in the chain proved her so tender and true, can not be described. Suffice it to say that he, in his turn, laid bare all his heart before her, and that upon these hours of suffering and confession, of humiliation and joy, their mutual confidence and love were rebuilt upon a tried and perfected foundation. The next morning a reply was mailed to the editor's letter, the innocent cause of the trouble. It had contained merely a request for "permission to alter the name of Mrs. Sullivan's story;" and, with Annie's acquiescence, the correspondence ceased, and "Mrs. Cynthia Sullivan" was known no more in the literary world.

A few weeks later, on the evening before Robert's birthday, his wife failed to meet him at the door on his return from the city, but in the parlor he found her, blushing and radiant, sitting at the dear old chess-table, trying in vain to keep up the traditional look of absorption in her game. The only drawback to the correctness of the picture was the sling in which she was still obliged to carry her arm. Perhaps it was this which sent the rare tears to her husband's eyes as he kneeled beside her and held her close to his heart.

Thus the quaint old Chinese table became one of the most cherished of their household gods, the companion of many a cozy winter evening, the silent preacher to Robert against all impatience and suspicion—to Annie against any concealment or disingenuousness. When February's magazine was published, Annie's arm was entirely strong again, and she enjoyed to the full the long-desired pleasure of hearing her story read and praised by the voice dearer to her than all the world beside.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Stranger than many a romance which is regarded as the mere production of an excited imagination is the extraordinary drama known as the "great Tichborne trial," which, pending in a London court, has excited a profound sensation. It is perhaps nothing new or strange that a young man, being prevented by opposing friends from marrying the lady of his love, should, in disappointment and anger, resolve to leave home and country, and try his fortune in a foreign land. This, at least, was what Sir Roger Tichborne did, about eighteen years ago, although he was son and heir of an ancient and noble English family. He embarked on board a vessel bound for Valparaiso, and thence took passage on the ship *Bella*, bound to New York. But the *Bella* foundered on the voyage, and it was supposed that every one, including Sir Roger, perished. But thirteen years afterward, when a nephew had long before succeeded to his title and estates, a man claiming to be the long-lost Sir Roger makes his appearance in London and claims his rights. He is recognized by his mother, and bears on his person some remembered marks; yet some circumstances weigh against his identity, and the guardians of the nephew refuse to believe he is the person he represents himself: they assert that, instead of being an English baronet, he is an Australian butcher. So, after five years spent in obtaining evidence, the case has come to trial, and affords material enough for a three-volume novel of the most sensational kind.

The massacre in cold blood, at the prison of Mazas, of the Archbishop of Paris and more than sixty other hostages, many of them priests, and all of them non-combatants, was a barbarity of the Commune of Paris which turns the mind to the savage deeds enacted in the "reign of terror." Indeed, no deed of that fearful period showed such cowardly atrocity as did this wanton butchery of peaceful citizens, whose only offense seemed to be possessing a religion in which they believed. The Mazas prison contained twelve hundred and fifty cells, and it is not impossible that time may reveal other deeds of darkness committed there by order of the Commune.

The following is the copy of a curious will recently filed at the New York surrogate's office:

"Unto my beloved wife, ——: All my worldly goods I have in store I give my beloved wife and hers for evermore; I give all truly; I no limit fix. This is my will, she my executrix."

The theatre of the Tuileries could accommodate 800 spectators, and was used as a supper-room when balls were given at court. The Salle de la Paix, used as a ball-room, was 140 feet long by 35 broad, and contained fine statuary. The Throne Hall, a splendid apartment, contained the imperial throne. The hangings were of dark velvet of Lyons manufacture, with palm leaves and wreaths wrought in gold. The throne, facing the windows, was surmounted by a canopy of the same, and the drapery depending from it was studded with bees embroidered in gold.

According to the first message from Governor Cooke there are 31,671 children in the Territory (late District) of Columbia who ought to go to school, while the existing schools can accommodate only 11,836. There is room for improvement in the capital.

In proof of the Darwinian theory, an infantile visitor to the Central Park Museum recently insisted that a fine monkey looked like his grandfather!

The first heated term of 1871 having made its advent so much earlier than usual—in fact before summer had nominally come—the attention of the Department of Public Charities has been promptly turned to the treatment of sun-struck patients. Last year a building northeast of the City Hall was fitted up for the treatment of all accidental cases, but particularly for the relief of this class of sufferers. An ambulance is kept constantly ready to repair to any scene of accident, and it is invariably accompanied by a surgeon, with proper restoratives and surgical instruments. Many cases of sun-stroke have been already treated this season—one, which proved to be fatal, having occurred as early as the 8th of April.

An amusing anecdote comes from Russia illustrative of the diverse feelings of the Emperor Alexander and the hereditary Grand Duke toward their German relatives. The former attaches great value to the friendship of his imperial uncle in Berlin, while the latter, being connected by marriage with Denmark, naturally sympathizes with that country. For some time past the Grand Duke has strictly forbidden the use of the German language in his saloons under the penalty of a fine of twenty-five rubles. At a recent soirée in the Grand Ducal Palace the emperor entered unexpectedly, greeted the guests with a "*Guten-abend*" (Good-evening), and continued the conversation for a couple of hours in German, the answers being, of course, in the same language. At last he rose, wished the company "*Gute-nacht*," and was apparently going to leave the room. Before, however, he had reached the door, he turned round suddenly, and said, "By-the-bye, gentlemen, it has just occurred to me that it is forbidden to speak German here; I must, therefore, pay a fine of twenty-five rubles." Then, turning to one of the higher officers present, he paid the twenty-five rubles, and continued, "I pay this fine to you, and at the same time give you the commission to see that all the gentlemen present pay the same sum, for they have all spoken German." The amount is to be forwarded immediately to the Prussian general staff for the benefit of the German wounded.

It has been a most disastrous season for Buenos Ayres. At one time upward of seven hundred deaths a day were reported as resulting from yellow fever. Every one who could possibly do so has fled from the city. It has been calculated that not more than 30,000 remain in the city at night, and of these, at the latest accounts, from 7000 to 10,000 were ill with yellow fever. Upward of 12,000 have died from the epidemic since January.

A California lady thus relates how she gave offense to one of the party accompanying the English High Commissioners. She was praising the Golden State.

"Aw yes," said the gentleman, "fine place, no doubt, but shouldn't care to live there, you know. You have earthquakes there, and they are such shocking nuisances."

The lady laughed, and said to a by-stander, "What an excellent joke! He calls earthquakes 'shocking' nuisances."

"Madam," said the supposed wit, moving away with offended dignity, "I *never* pun."

Before the residence of M. Thiers was sacked and demolished by the Commune it was filled to overflowing with costly works of art, rarely bound books, and curious furniture. His study was surrounded, breast high, with shelves loaded with books. Above the shelves were well-executed copies of the great masterpieces of Italian art done in water-colors, also many fine bronzes, and a fair copy of the "Last Judgment" was placed in a conspicuous spot in front of his writing-desk. The contents of the house were valued at $400,000. After the order was given to tear down Thiers's house a discussion arose in the Commune concerning these antique bronzes. Certain *citoyens* speaking rather contemptuously of the "little bronzes," *Citoyen* Courbet said, "I would call attention to the fact that these little bronzes are worth some $300,000." In reply, another *citoyen* asserted that he was a friend of art, but he held that they should send to the mint all objects which represented the image of the Orleans. The contents of the house were to be removed to the Quai d'Orsay, and may have been destroyed when that palace was burned.

Cold water seems very refreshing on a hot summer's day, yet, in general, the longer one postpones drinking it the more comfortable will he be. Drinking abundantly in the early part of the day increases thirst and perspiration. When one is warm a few swallows of water, taken slowly, will quench the thirst better and more safely than a large quantity taken quickly.

The following dialogue between two newsboys, in New York, was overheard during the May anniversaries: "I say, Jim, what's the meaning of so many ministers being here all together?"

"Why," answered Jim, scornfully, "they always meets once a year to exchange sermons with each other."

President Grant has been accused of excessive taciturnity—of being silent because he could not talk. A recent writer declares that he is both taciturn and loquacious; that there are times when one can not get a word out of him, and times when one can not get a chance to put in a word. In short, it is asserted that under the following circumstances President Grant is very apt to be silent:

First, when he has nothing to say. (And this is a difficult and rare merit in man or woman.)

Second, when he is still in doubt as to the topic introduced.

Third, when he is not sure of his company.

Fourth, when he dislikes his company.

Under any of these conditions he is invincibly speechless; his face wears a discouraging expression; no amount of embarrassment on the part of those who are with him can betray him to take pity on them by any thing more than the eloquence of a monosyllable.

But reverse these conditions, and a miraculous transformation takes place. He talks well, uttering terse sentences in a pat and pithy way. He talks square sense in a square fashion. His conversation would not suggest his greatness; neither does it belie it. But it does suggest honesty, simplicity, and manliness.

A famine of pea-nuts is predicted because North Carolina and Virginia have not sent into our market any thing like their ordinary supply. It is feared that the next few months will witness a painful destitution of this favorite article. What will small boys and girls—not to mention children of a larger growth—now substitute, to litter up the floors of our street-cars with, in place of pea-nuts?

During the civil commotions in Paris the insurgents used the catacombs as a means of communication between the city and certain outside forts. But it is supposed that many persons, both men and women, have been lost in this under-ground labyrinth, and have perished from starvation and lack of pure air.

Baroness Burdett Coutts has, by her charity—and she has been a really benevolent woman, scattering with a free hand—reduced her fortune to the paltry sum of 10,000,000 pounds sterling.

Buffalo has made some useful discoveries in boring for gas. Not only was a flow of gas started 640 feet below the surface, which yields 40,000 feet a day of better illuminating gas than any now used in the city, but a mineral spring with superior mineral qualities was discovered, and evidences of a pure bed of salt.

The Parliament of Canada is composed of one hundred and eighty-one members from the four provinces of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick. The members of Lower Canada were determined to have the Parliament at Quebec, and the members of Upper Canada were equally strong in their advocacy of Toronto. So, to make peace among them, Queen Victoria chose Ottawa as the town of the future capital; and when the projected railroads are completed, and time has done much to beautify the town, it will become a very attractive capital. The Parliament buildings, which have been erected at a cost of about $3,000,000, are beautifully situated upon the banks of the Ottawa. The style of architecture is Gothic, and the grounds need only culture to make them elegant. The library contains 65,000 volumes of choice selected books, and a recent appropriation of $200,000 has been made to erect a new building.

Two curious inventions have been recently patented by residents of Chicago, which may prove useful to the public and profitable to the patentees. One is a safety-lock to be fastened inside the pocket of a lady's or a gentleman's garments to prevent the abstraction of the pocket-book or other valuables contained therein; the other is a lock to prevent the stealing of watches from vest pockets. Hence it may be possible in the future to travel around and mingle in crowds without fear of being robbed by pickpockets.

Children usually prefer truth to politeness when left to choose for themselves. A clergyman was lately asked to conclude the exercises of a Sabbath-school anniversary by a few remarks. It was already after nine o'clock in the evening, and not a few of the little ones were sleepy and tired. The speaker did not think particularly of this, but began, as a matter of form, by asking the children whether they would rather go home or stay and hear his speech. "Those who wish to go home say 'aye,'" quoth he, when, to his astonishment, nearly all the two hundred and fifty children united in a chorus of "ayes" easily heard a block away. The speaker blushed, and covered his retreat with the benediction.

Curious epitaphs come to us from all quarters of the globe where civilized burial is practiced; but close by us are many curiosities in church-yard inscriptions quite as unique as those at a distance. For example, on a crumbling tombstone in Trinity church-yard, which is surmounted by a hideous death's-head, is the following inscription:

Here Lyes y^e^ Bodys of

John Moore, aged 84 years. Dec^d^ Dec^r^ y^e^ 14, 1738.	Charity, wife of Benj^m^ Moore, aged 26 years. Dec^d^ Feb^y^ y^e^ 5, 1738.

"bouth old and young, as well as me,
Must in due time all buried be.
Under this body of Cold Clay,
Just in my Prime, I'm Forst to lay."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"What is your business?" said the judge at the Tombs the other morning to a prisoner. "I'm an observationist, your Honor." "An observationist! What is that?" "One who looks around in the day-time to see what he can steal at night, if it pleases your Honor." It did not please his Honor, and so he sent the observationist to the penitentiary for sixty days.

Acquired Tastes—Olives and babies.

A gentleman whose love of order was largely developed had a clerk in his employ whose habits about the office were any thing but orderly. Nothing under his hand had a fixed locality, and every thing was at odds and ends. This carelessness brought out a reproof from the employer, who, after a general lecture on the subject of malarrangements, quoted the old precept, and said, "Sir, you should have a place for every thing." "I have, Sir," replied the junior, "a great many places for every thing."

How to get Along—Walk.

A man commenting upon the ruins of Pompeii said it was a very imposing city, but very much out of repair.

A young female Fifteenth Amendment was recently expelled from the village school at Oshkosh because she would not allow the pupils to use her face for a blackboard.

Races that should become Extinct—Steamboat races on the Mississippi.

Why is dough like the sun?—Because when it rises it is light.

"John Rouse, why wilt thou do so?" said Thomas Hazard, one of New Bedford's substantial Quaker merchants sixty years ago, to Johnny Rouse, a negro in his employ, whom he found before a magistrate, not for the first time, charged with stealing. "Why wilt thou do so, thou foolish man? thou always gets caught." "Why, Massa Hazard," says Johnny, "I don't get caught half the time."

THE LAWYER'S INVOCATION TO SPRING.

Whereas, on certain boughs and sprays
Now divers birds are heard to sing,
And sundry flowers their heads upraise
And hail the coming on of spring;

The songs of those said birds arouse
The memory of our youthful hours,
As green as those said sprays and boughs,
As fresh and sweet as those said flowers.

The birds aforesaid—happy pairs—
Love, 'mid the aforesaid boughs, enshrines
In freehold nests—themselves, their heirs,
Administrators, and assigns.

Oh, busiest term of Cupid's Court,
Where tender plaintiffs actions bring—
Seasons of frolic and of sport,
Hail, as aforesaid, coming spring!

"Old Trotter" is an eccentric genius who drives the first stage out of Fort Kearney westward, and whose deeds and sayings will, in future time, become historical. The following is related of him: One day he stopped a man on the road who drove a miserable team of sick and aged little mules, with the ejaculation, "Look a-here, pilgrim! I know a man that would give eight hundred dollars if he could see them mules!" "Why," exclaimed the man, startled by such an unexpected prospect of luck, "yeou daon't say so! Who is he!" "*He's a blind man!*" said Trotter; "g'lang!"

A morning (w)rapper—The milkman.

The Siamese twins are a hundred and twenty years old—sixty each.

Vegetable Philosophy—Sage advice.

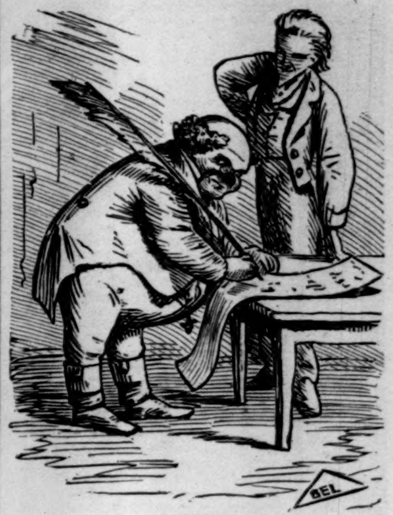
A Chicago music store recently sold a piano, and the buyer soon after wrote to the dealers that he and his wife couldn't find the place to wind it up, and they wanted to be told at once how to make the thing go.

"Ain't it queer, Jo, that while the spring is more forward than any other since '48, the blossoms and foliage are behind those of last year?" "They ain't." "They are." "They ain't." "They are—a year behind!"

A link-boy asked Dr. Burgess, the preacher, if he would have a light. "No, child," says the doctor, "I am one of the lights of the world." "I wish, then," replied the boy, "you were hung up at the end of our alley, for it is a very dark one."

How to get a-long Well—Have it dug deep.

THE TREATY ILLUSTRATED.



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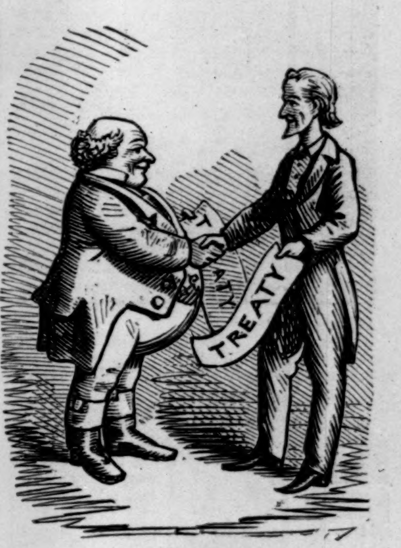

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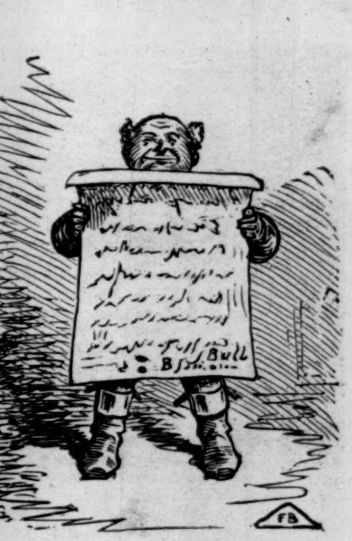

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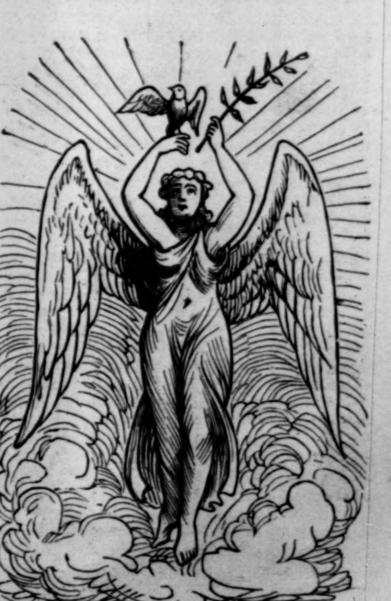

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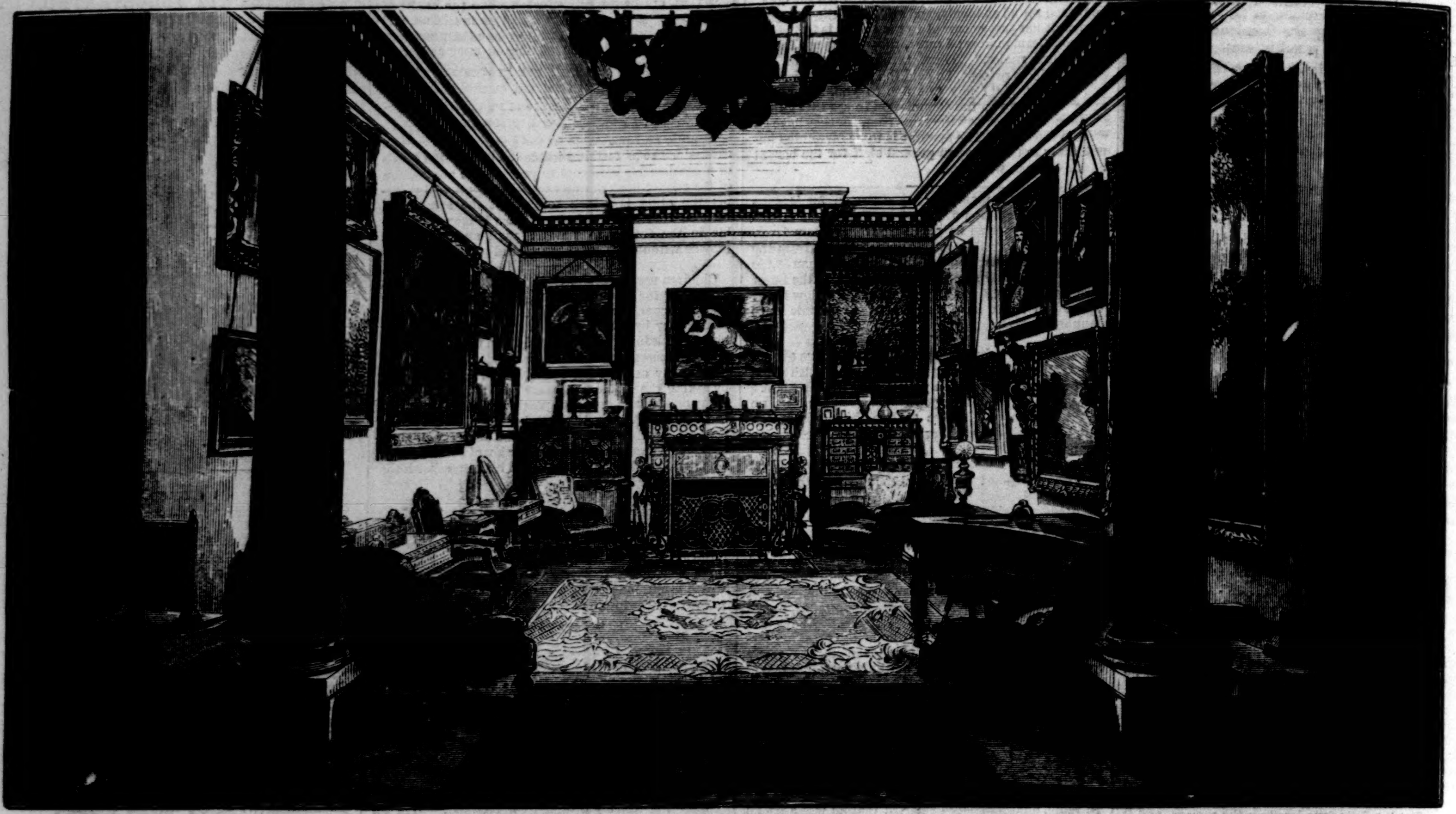


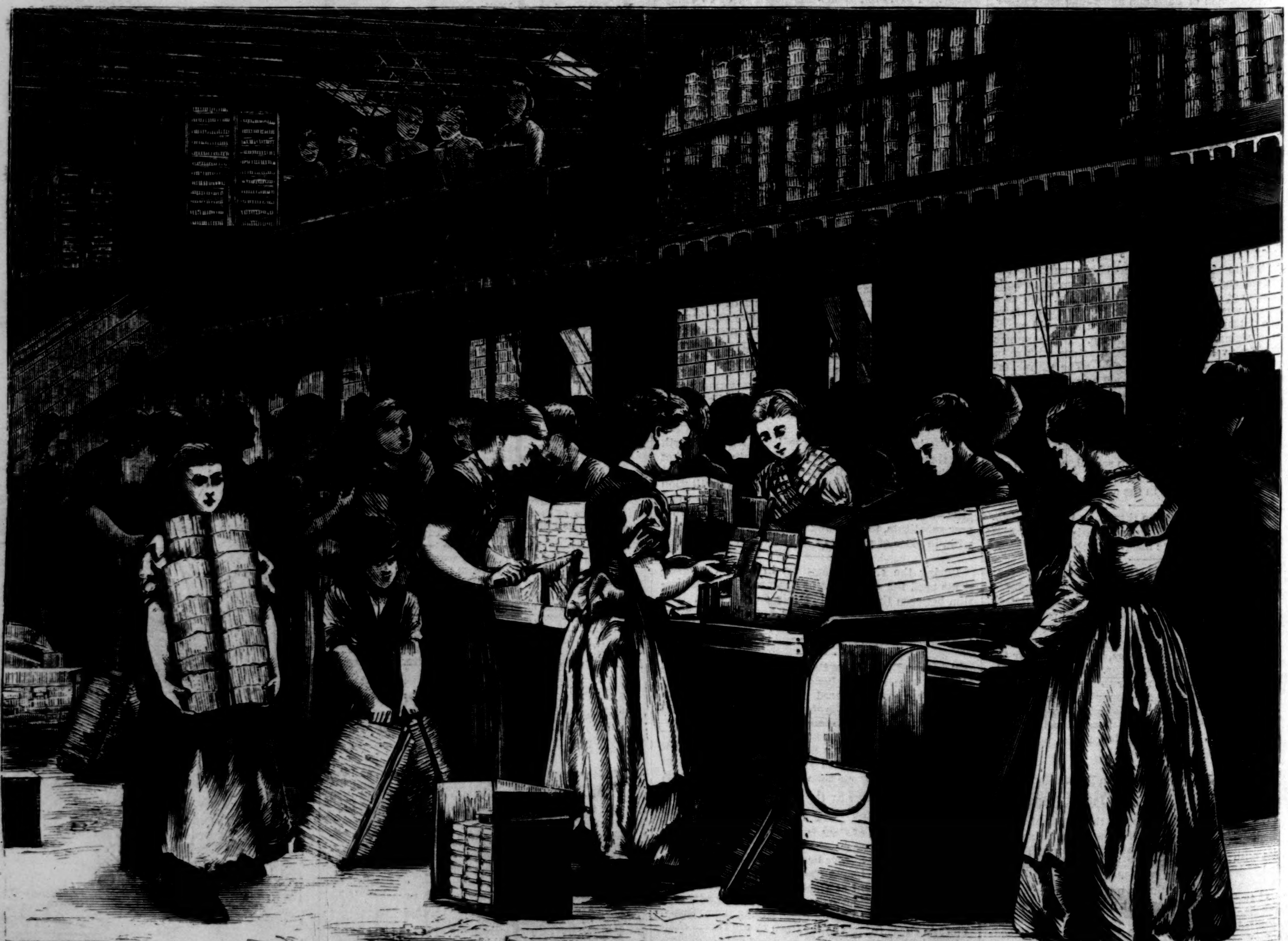
NAPOLEON'S DRAWING-ROOM AT CHISELHURST.

DRAWING-ROOM AT CHISELHURST.

On this page we give a sketch of the drawing-room at Chiselhurst, where the imperial exiles of France are at present living in comfortable retirement. It is, as will be seen, a very elegant apartment, richly furnished, and adorned with paintings and other works of art. Chiselhurst is said to be one of the most pleasantly situated villas in the vicinity of London, occupying the crest of a lovely hill and commanding a fine view.

MATCH-MAKERS.

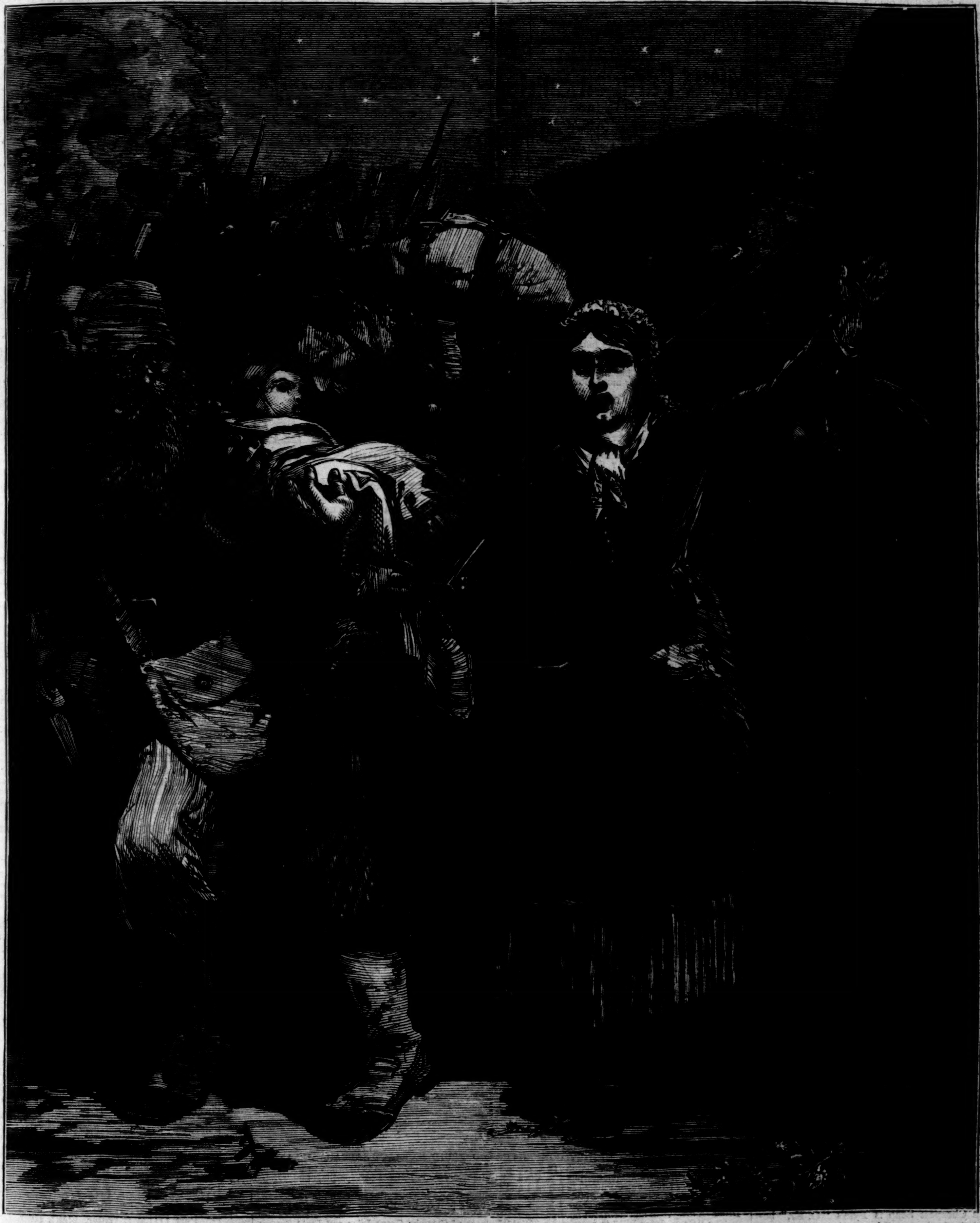
The attempt made recently in London to lay a tax on lucifer matches, from which the ministry was compelled to recede, gives an interest to the illustration on this page, which shows the interior of a large match manufactory in London. Scores of men, women, and girls are employed in the various processes required to complete a match, from splitting the wood to putting up the manufactured article in neat boxes. The employés, it will be seen, are, as a rule, stout, hearty, and decently dressed. At the same time one can not help reflecting on the monotony of employment which seems to characterize all factory labor. This perpetual recurrence of the same operation can not be good for either body or mind. Fancy passing your whole earthly career in guillotining bundles of matches, and then cramming the contents into boxes! A farm laborer, poor though his wages may be, is far more of a man and less of a machine, because his employment is perpetually varying. Cheapness and perfection of workmanship are very fine things, but human nature is a still finer thing; and some day, perhaps, we shall discover that the manufacture of men and women perfect both in body and mind is an achievement deserving some of the energy which we now devote to the acquisition of wealth. This sentiment lies at the bottom of Mr. Ruskin's indignant and somewhat Quixotic protest against the use of machinery to the extent of superseding hand and brain work; and although it would be impossible to go back to ante-machinery times, there is a good deal of reason in his queerly expressed dislike.



MATCH-MAKERS.

VIVE LA COMMUNE.

The fate of the unhappy Communists, who, if the telegraphic reports are to be relied upon, have been executed by the hundred since the capture of Paris, lends a sad interest to this picture. "Vive la Commune!" meant only death to the unfortunate men and women who staked all on the chance of the cause of Paris being that of France, and blindly rushed to their own destruction. Horrible as their deeds have been, it must not be forgotten that they had genuine wrongs to redress, while their very excesses may be forgotten by the side of the bloody vengeance of the maddened Versaillists.



VIVE LA COMMUNE.

THE FREEMASONS IN PARIS.

One of the most striking incidents of the second siege of Paris was the fraternizing of the Freemasons of the city with the Commune, to which the lower illustration on page 549 refers. They marched through the streets, having the inscription, *Aimons tous les uns les autres*—Love one another—on their principal banner. They placed great faith in this banner, and declared that as soon as it should be hoisted on the ramparts the Versaillists would cease firing and come to terms. "Should this sacred standard not be respected," continued they, "and should it be struck by a,shot, the whole of France will rise and revenge the sacrilege." Alas for their prognostications!—although these peace-makers went up ten thousand strong to the ramparts and planted their standard and fifty symbolic banners to boot, Mont Valérien did not seem the least impressed by the display, the Versaillist batteries peppered away as briskly as ever, and the rest of France has not deigned to take the slightest notice.

The procession was astir betimes, and paid its first visit to the Commune at the Hôtel de Ville. The Masons exhibited their banners to the government, and styled the Commune the new Temple of Solomon. Not to be outdone in civility, the Communists called for a red flag to give to their visitors, but none could be found for the moment, so an obliging citizen unwound the red sash which all patriotic Parisians now wear round their waists, attached it to a pole, and presented it with great ceremony to the Masons, who declared they would keep it as a precious relic. But "enough words—to work!" cries an energetic brother, and off the procession starts in an exactly opposite direction to their ultimate destination. This was in order to visit the Column of July, to which the Freemasons respectfully lowered their flags as they passed by. After this homage to the statue of Liberty they set off for Porte Maillot, but on arriving at the Champs Elysées were thrown into some confusion by the sudden advent of a shell. One Scotch brother was wounded, and a great many members very much frightened; but after some consultation the procession proceeded boldly to Porte Maillot, where the great standard was planted, and the other banners disposed of on either side.

The banners planted, three brethren were sent to Versailles to talk to M. Thiers. They made very little impression on him, however, and returned unsuccessful. Upon this the Masons determined to give up any further attempt at mediation, removed their banners, which, by-the-bye, had been watched day and night by volunteer sentinels, held an indignation meeting, declared war against the Versaillists, and subsided into every day life. The heads of the craft and several of the Parisian lodges greatly disapproved of the demonstration, and declared that the enthusiastic brethren had meddled with things entirely beyond the legitimate sphere of Freemasonry.

THE VENDÔME COLUMN.

Last week we gave a picture of the column in the Place Vendôme, and a full account of its destruction by order of the Commune. Our illustration this week, on page 548, engraved from a photograph sent us by our special correspondent in Paris, shows the appearance of the column after its fall, when it lay shattered on the heap of manure which the Parisians had carted into the Place to weaken the concussion which they feared would attend its overthrow.

"PUIR AULD GRANDMAMMA."

Soon after the conclusion of the late war between the Northern and Southern States, says the author of "Reminiscences of Fifty Years," I was introduced by my friend Mr. Ward—an American citizen, who had resided for many years in England—to General ——, since nominated to a seat in the cabinet at Washington as Minister of War. This distinguished soldier told me he had entered the war a captain of engineers, coming out of it a major-general. I never passed a few hours more agreeably than I did with the gallant officer. He gave expression to his own views without reserve or any apparent bias; whereas my friend Ward—who has since passed away from us, a very excellent man, who had spent the greater portion of his life in London, where he had acquired a large fortune—was politically as deeply prejudiced against England and English institutions as on the day he first landed on our shores from the United States. In fact, during the five years of my intimacy with him I never heard him praise or applaud any thing English. He was even reticent in regard to the fair sex. Opposite General —— and Mr. Ward at dinner sat a countryman of mine, whose affection and admiration for the Land o' Cakes remained unalloyed and undiminished, but who had never studied that line of Scotia's great poet,

> "To see oursels as others see us."

For there was little or no difference between friend Ward and himself in respect to national predilections, inasmuch as with the one there was nothing perfect out of Scotland, and with the other nothing perfect out of the North American States. Still my countryman "thocht it vera, vera wrang that Maister Ward, who had made all his cash in the ceety o' London, should be forever rinning doun and depreciating this country. Die ye think," said he, "that if I had made ma money in London I would be forever disparaging it? It's a blote, and a vera serious blote, in Mr. Ward's character. It is vera, vera ungrateful toward that ceety which made him a laarge capitalist. Hoo vera different from his distinguished frien', the General, who, if he were not a strong-minded and discreet man, and only coming to this country for a few weeks, he might return to America wi' some of Ward's wrang impressions. As it is, he led the General to mak a single observation which I'm sure he did not mean offensively, but, nevertheless, it went recht through me as a Scotchman." I asked him to what he alluded. "Oh, donnt you recollect? it happened just after we had dined. Ward was going on as usual, telling us that if we didna keep a calm sough" (civil tongue)—the *Alabama* claims were under discussion—"America would teach our little island a lesson we should long remember; and by way of giving weight to his assertion, he added, 'I'll appeal to the General here.' All the General said was little; but it was deevilish severe, and it went through me like a dagger: 'We have no wish to hurt poor old Grandmamma.' Onnly fancy the words 'Puir auld Grandmamma' applied to Great Britain! It stung me to my vera vitals. It spok volumes. Just as if we were a puir worn-out country that could be subjugated at onny time! But it was all Ward's doing, confound him!"

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A Pitiful Condition.

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In nine cases out of ten this state of lassitude and torpor arises from a morbid stomach. Indigestion destroys the energy of both mind and body. When the waste of nature is not supplied by a due and regular assimilation of the food, every organ is starved, every function interrupted.

Now what does common-sense suggest under these circumstances of depression? The system needs rousing and strengthening; not merely for an hour or two, to sink afterward into a more pitiable condition than ever (as it assuredly would do if an ordinary alcoholic stimulant were resorted to), but radically and permanently.

How is this desirable object to be accomplished? The answer to this question, founded on the unvarying experience of a quarter of a century, is easily given. Infuse new vigor into the digestive organs by a course of

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STOMACH BITTERS.

Do not waste time in administering temporary remedies, but wake the system up by recuperating the fountain-head of physical strength and energy, the great organ upon which all the other organs depend for their nurture and support.

By the time that a dozen doses of the great vegetable tonic and invigorant have been taken the feeble frame of the dyspeptic will begin to feel its benign influence. Appetite will be created, and with appetite the capacity to digest what it craves. Persevere until the cure is complete—until healthful blood, fit to be the material of flesh and muscle, bone and nerve and brain, flows through the channels of circulation, instead of the watery pabulum with which they have heretofore been imperfectly nourished.

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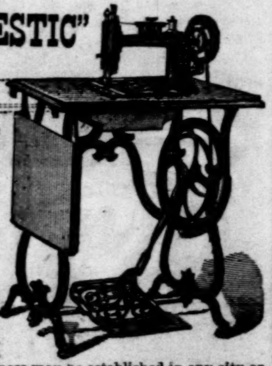

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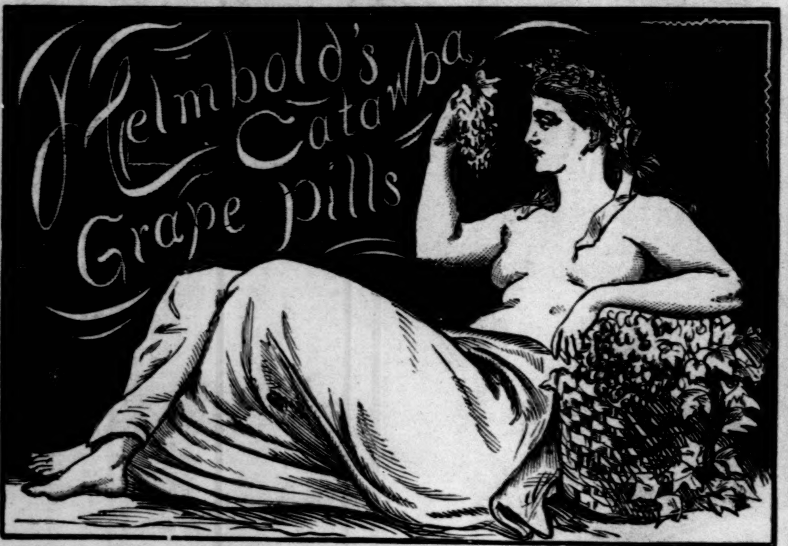

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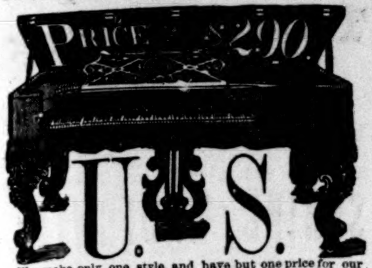

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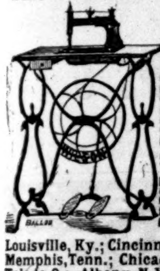
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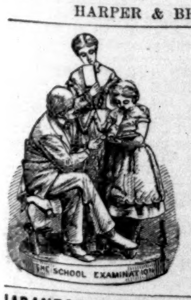

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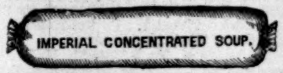
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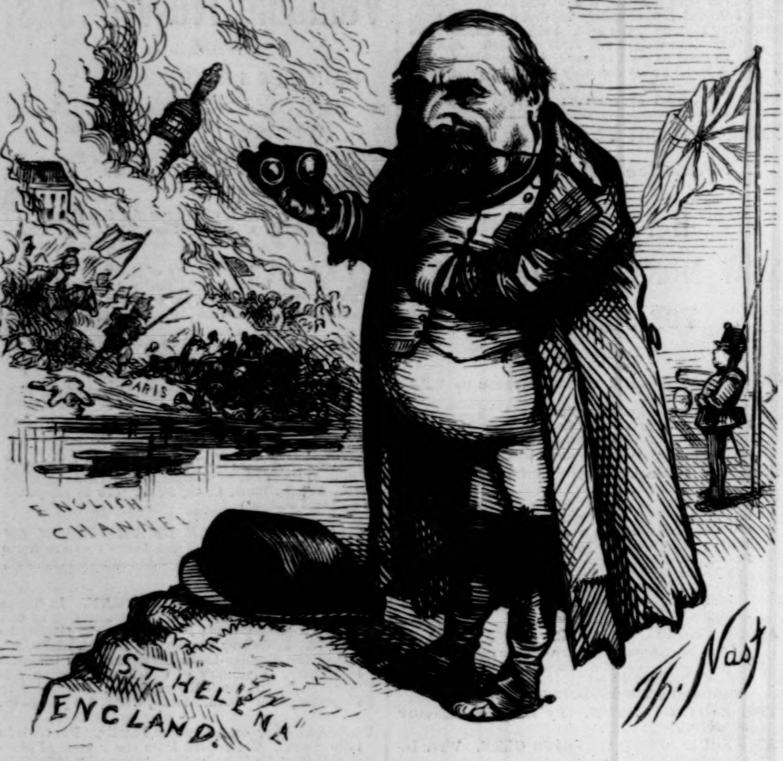

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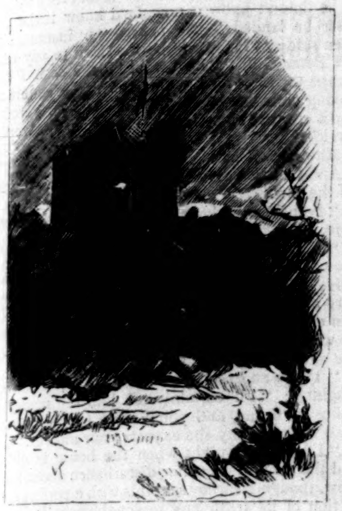


CHAPTER I.

KILGOBBIN CASTLE.

Some one has said that almost all that Ireland possesses of picturesque beauty is to be found on, or in the immediate neighborhood of, the seaboard; and if we except some brief patches of river scenery on the "Nore" and the "Blackwater," and a part of Lough Erne, the assertion is not devoid of truth. The dreary expanse called the Bog of Allen, which occupies a high tableland in the centre of the island, stretches away for miles flat, sad-colored, and monotonous, fissured in every direction by channels of dark-tinted water, in which the very fish take the same sad color. This tract is almost without trace of habitation, save where, at distant intervals, utter destitution has raised a mud-hovel undistinguishable from the hillocks of turf around it.

Fringing this broad waste, little patches of cultivation are to be seen—small potato-gardens, as they are called, or a few roods of oats, green even in the late autumn; but, strangely enough, with nothing to show where the humble tiller of the soil was living, nor, often, any visible road to these isolated spots of culture. Gradually, however—but very gradually—the prospect brightens. Fields with inclosures, and a cabin or two, are to be met with; a solitary tree, generally an ash, will be seen; some rude instrument of husbandry, or an ass-cart, will show that we are emerging from the region of complete destitution and approaching a land of at least struggling civilization. At last, and by a transition that is not always easy to mark, the scene glides into those rich pasture lands and well-tilled farms that form the wealth of the midland counties. Gentlemen's seats and waving plantations succeed, and we are in a country of comfort and abundance.

On this border land between fertility and destitution, and on a tract which had probably once been part of the bog itself, there stood—there stands still—a short, square tower, battlemented at top, and surmounted with a pointed roof, which seems to grow out of a cluster of farm-buildings, so surrounded is its base by roofs of thatch and slates. Incongruous, vulgar, and ugly in every way, the old keep appears to look down on them—time-worn and battered as it is—as might a reduced gentleman regard the unworthy associates with whom an altered fortune had linked him. This is all that remains of Kilgobbin Castle.

In the guide-books we read that it was once a place of strength and importance, and that Hugh de Lacy—the same bold knight "who had won all Ireland for the English from the Shannon to the sea"—had taken this castle from a native chieftain called Neal O'Caharney, whose family he had slain, all save one; and then it adds: "Sir Hugh came one day, with three Englishmen, that he might show them the castle, when there came to him a youth of the men of Meath—a certain Gilla Naher O'Mahey, foster-brother of O'Caharney himself—with his battle-axe concealed beneath his cloak, and while De Lacy was reading the petition he gave him, he dealt him such a blow that his head flew off many yards away, both head and body being afterward buried in the ditch of the castle."

The annals of Kilronan farther relate that the O'Caharneys became adherents of the English—dropping their Irish designation, and calling themselves Kearney; and in this way were restored to a part of the lands and the Castle of Kilgobbin—"by favor of which act of grace," says the chronicle, "they were bound to raise a becoming monument over the brave knight, Hugh de Lacy, whom their kinsman had so treacherously slain; but they did no more of this than one large stone of granite, and no inscription thereon; thus showing that at all times, and with all men, the O'Caharneys were false knaves, and untrue to their word."

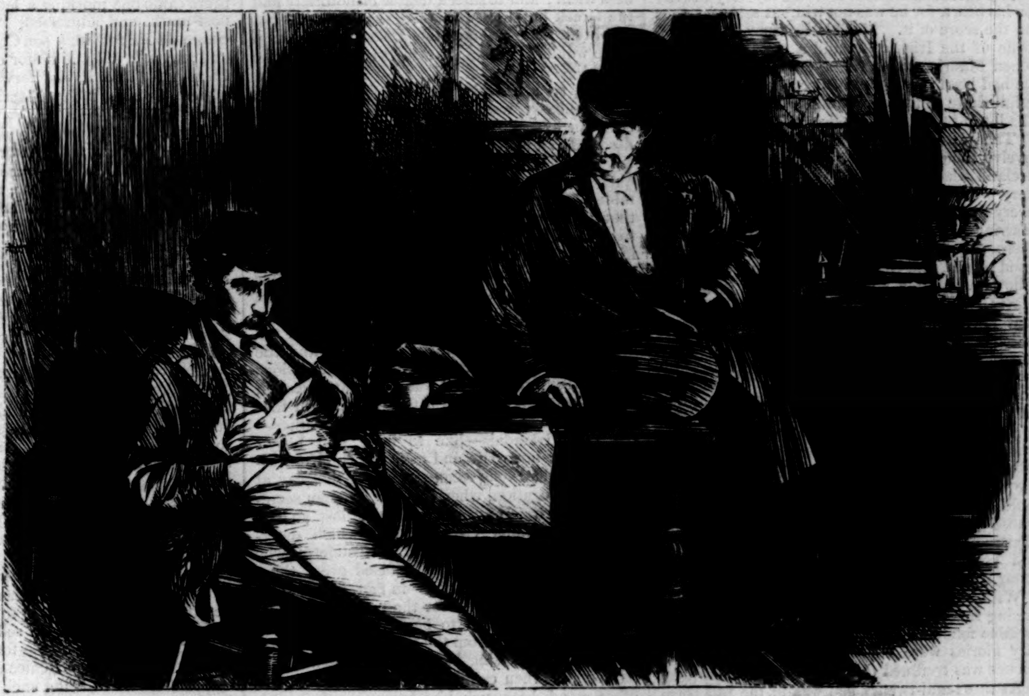
In later times, again, the Kearneys returned to the old faith of their fathers and followed the fortunes of King James; one of them, Michael O'Kearney, having acted as aid-de-camp at the "Boyne," and conducted the king to Kilgobbin, where he passed the night after the defeat, and, as the tradition records, held a court the next morning, at which he thanked the owner of the castle for his hospitality, and created him on the spot a viscount by the style and title of Lord Kilgobbin.

It is needless to say that the newly created noble saw good reason to keep his elevation to himself. They were somewhat critical times just then for the adherents of the lost cause, and the followers of King William were keen at scenting out any disloyalty that might be turned to good account by a confiscation. The Kearneys, however, were prudent. They entertained a Dutch officer, Van Straaten, on King William's staff, and gave such valuable information besides, as to the condition of the country, that no suspicions of disloyalty attached to them.

To these succeeded more peaceful times, during which the Kearneys were more engaged in endeavoring to reconstruct the fallen condition of their fortunes than in political intrigue. Indeed a very small portion of the original estate now remained to them; and of what once had produced above four thousand a year, there was left a property barely worth eight hundred.

The present owner, with whose fortunes we are more immediately concerned, was a widower. Maurice Kearney's family consisted of a son and a daughter, the former about two-and-twenty, the latter four years younger, though, to all appearance, there did not seem a year between them.

Maurice Kearney himself was a man of about fifty-four or fifty-six—hale, handsome, and powerful; his snow-white hair and bright complexion, with his full gray eyes and regular teeth, giving him an air of genial cordiality at first sight which was fully confirmed by farther acquaintance. So long as the world went well with him, Maurice seemed to enjoy life thoroughly; and even its rubs he bore with an easy jocularity that showed what a stout heart he could oppose to fortune. A long minority had provided him with a considerable sum on his coming of age, but he spent it freely, and, when it was exhausted, continued to live on at the same rate as before, till at last, as creditors grew pressing, and mortgagees threatened foreclosure, he saw himself reduced to something less than one-fifth of his former outlay; and though he seemed to address himself to the task with a bold spirit and a resolute mind, the old habits were too deeply rooted to be eradicated, and the pleasant companionship of his equals, his life at the club in Dublin, his joyous conviviality, no longer possible, he suffered himself to descend to an inferior rank, and sought his associates among humbler men, whose flattering reception of him soon reconciled him to his fallen condition. His companions were now the small farmers of the neighborhood and the shop-keepers in the adjoining town of Moate, to whose habits and modes of thought and expression he gradually conformed, till it became positively irksome to himself to keep the company of his equals. Whether, however, it was that age had breached the stronghold of his good spirits, or that conscience rebuked him for having derogated from his station, certain it is that all his buoyancy failed him when away from society, and that in the quietness of his home he was depressed and dispirited to a degree; and to that genial temper, which once he could count on against every reverse that befell him, there now succeeded an irritable, peevish spirit that led him to attribute every annoyance he met with to some fault or short-coming of others.



"WHAT LARK HAVE YOU BEEN ON, MASTER JOE?"

By his neighbors in the town and by his tenantry he was always addressed as "my lord," and treated with all the deference that pertained to such difference of station. By the gentry, however, when at rare occasions he met them, he was known as Mr. Kearney, and in the village post-office the letters with the name Maurice Kearney, Esq., were perpetual reminders of what rank was accorded him by that wider section of the world that lived beyond the shadow of Kilgobbin Castle.

Perhaps the impossible task of serving two masters is never more palpably displayed than when the attempt attaches to a divided identity—when a man tries to be himself in two distinct parts in life, without the slightest misgiving of hypocrisy while doing so. Maurice Kearney not only did not assume any pretension to nobility among his equals, but he would have felt that any reference to his title from one of them would have been an impertinence, and an impertinence to be resented; while, at the same time, had a shop-keeper of Moate, or one of the tenants, addressed him as other than "my lord," he would not have deigned him a notice.

Strangely enough, this divided allegiance did not merely prevail with the outer world, it actually penetrated within his walls. By his son, Richard Kearney, he was always called "my lord;" while Kate as persistently addressed and spoke of him as papa. Nor was this difference without signification as to their separate natures and tempers.

Had Maurice Kearney contrived to divide the two parts of his nature, and bequeathed all his pride, his vanity, and his pretensions to his son, while he gave his light-heartedness, his buoyancy, and kindliness to his daughter, the partition could not have been more perfect. Richard Kearney was full of an insolent pride of birth. Contrasting the position of his father with that held by his grandfather, he resented the downfall as the act of a dominant faction, eager to outrage the old race, and the old religion of Ireland. Kate took a very different view of their condition. She clung, indeed, to the notion of their good blood, but as a thing that might assuage many of the pangs of adverse fortune, not increase nor imbitter them; and "if we are ever to emerge," thought she, "from this poor state, we shall meet our class without any of the shame of a mushroom origin. It will be a restoration, and not a new elevation." She was a fine, handsome, fearless girl, whom many said ought to have been a boy; but this was rather intended as a covert slight on the narrower nature and peevish temperament of her brother—another way, indeed, of saying that they should have exchanged conditions.

The listless indolence of her father's life, and the almost complete absence from home of her brother, who was pursuing his studies at the Dublin University, had given over to her charge not only the household, but no small share of the management of the estate—all, in fact, that an old land steward, a certain Peter Gill, would permit her to exercise; for Peter was a very absolute and despotic grand vizier; and if it had not been that he could neither read nor write, it would have been utterly impossible to have wrested from him a particle of power over the property. This happy defect in his education—happy so far as Kate's rule was concerned—gave her the one claim she could prefer to any superiority over him; and his obstinacy could never be effectually overcome, except by confronting him with a written document or a column of figures. Before these, indeed, he would stand crest-fallen and abashed. Some strange terror seemed to possess him as to the peril of opposing himself to such inscrutable testimony—a fear, be it said, he never felt in contesting an oral witness.

Peter had one resource, however; and I am not sure that a similar stronghold has not secured the power of greater men and in higher functions. Peter's sway was of so varied and complicated a kind; the duties he discharged were so various, manifold, and conflicting; the measures he took with the people whose destinies were committed to him were so thoroughly devised, by reference to the peculiar condition of each man—what he could do, or bear, or submit to—and not by any sense of justice—that a sort of government grew up over the property full of hitches, contingencies, and compensations, and of which none but he who had invented the machinery could possibly pretend to the direction. The estate being, to use his own words, "so like the old coach-harness, so full of knots, splices, and entanglements, there was not another man in Ireland could make it work; and if another were to try it, it would all come to pieces in his hands."

Kate was shrewd enough to see this; and in the same way that she had admiringly watched Peter as he knotted a trace here and supplemented a strap there, strengthening a weak point, and providing for casualties, even the least likely, she saw him dealing with the tenantry on the property; and in the same spirit that he made allowance for sickness here and misfortune there, he would be as prompt to screw up a lagging tenant to the last penny, and secure the landlord in the share of any season of prosperity.

Had the Government Commissioner, sent to report on the state of land tenure in Ireland, confined himself to a visit to the estate of Lord Kilgobbin—for so we like to call him—it is just possible that the Cabinet would have found the task of legislation even more difficult than they have already admitted it to be. First of all, not a tenant on the estate had any certain knowledge of how much land he held. There had been no survey of the property for years.

"It will be made up to you," was Gill's phrase about every thing. "What matters if you have an acre more or an acre less?" Neither had any one a lease, or, indeed, a writing of any kind. Gill settled that on the 25th March and 25th September a certain sum was to be forthcoming, and that was all. When the lord wanted them they were always to give him a hand, which often meant with their carts and horses, especially in harvest-time. Not that they were a hard-worked or hard-working population: they took life very easy, seeing that by no possible exertion could they materially better themselves; and even when they hunted a neighbor's cow out of their wheat, they would execute the eviction with a lazy indolence and sluggishness that took away from the act all semblance of ungenerousness.

They were very poor, their hovels were wretched, their clothes ragged, and their food scanty; but, with all that, they were not discontented, and very far from unhappy. There was no prosperity at hand to contrast with their poverty. The world was, on the whole, pretty much as they always remembered it. They would have liked to be "better off" if they knew how, but they did not know if there was a "better off"—much less how to come at it; and if there were, Peter Gill certainly did not tell them of it.

If a stray visitor to fair or market brought back the news that there was an agitation abroad for a new settlement of the land, that popular orators were proclaiming the poor man's rights and denouncing the cruelties of the landlord, if they heard that men were talking of repealing the laws which secured property to the owner and only admitted him to a sort of partnership with the tiller of the soil, old Gill speedily assured them that these were changes only to be adopted in Ulster, where the tenants were rack-rented and treated like slaves. "Which of you here," would he say, "can come forward and say he was ever evicted?" Now as the term was one of which none had the very vaguest conception—it might, for aught they knew, have been an operation in surgery—the appeal was an overwhelming success. "Sorra doubt of it, but ould Peter's right, and there's worse places to live in, and worse landlords to live under than the lord." Not but it taxed Gill's skill and cleverness to maintain this quarantine against the outer world; and he often felt like Prince Metternich in a like strait—that it would only be a question of time, and, in the long run, the newspaper fellows must win.

From what has been said, therefore, it may be imagined that Kilgobbin was not a model estate, nor Peter Gill exactly the sort of witness from which a select committee would have extracted any valuable suggestions for the construction of a land code.

Any thing short of Kate Kearney's fine temper and genial disposition would have broken down by daily dealing with this cross-grained, wrong-headed, and obstinate old fellow, whose ideas of management all centred in craft and subtlety—outwitting this man, forestalling that—doing every thing by halves, so that no boon came unassociated with some contingency or other by which he secured to himself unlimited power and uncontrolled tyranny.

As Gill was in perfect possession of her father's confidence, to oppose him in any thing was a task of no mean difficulty; and the mere thought that the old fellow should feel offended and throw up his charge—a threat he had more than once half hinted—was a terror Kilgobbin could not have faced. Nor was this her only care. There was Dick continually dunning her for remittances, and importuning her for means to supply his extravagances. "I suspected how it would be," wrote he once, "with a lady paymaster. And when my father told me I was to look to you for my allowance, I accepted the information as a heavy percentage taken off my beggarly income.

What could you—what could any young girl—know of the requirements of a man going out into the best society of a capital? To derive any benefit from associating with these people, I must at least seem to live like them. I am received as the son of a man of condition and property, and you want to bound my habits by those of my chum, Joe Atlee, whose father is starving somewhere on the pay of a Presbyterian minister. Even Joe himself laughs at the notion of gauging my expenses by his.

"If this is to go on—I mean if you intend to persist in this plan—be frank enough to say so at once, and I will either take pupils, or seek a clerkship, or go off to Australia; and I care precious little which of the three.

"I know what a proud thing it is for whoever manages the revenue to come forward and show a surplus. Chancellors of the Exchequer make great reputations in that fashion; but there are certain economies that lie close to revolutions. Now don't risk this, nor don't be above taking a hint from one some years older than you, though he neither rules his father's house nor metes out his pocket-money."

Such, and such like, were the epistles she received from time to time; and though frequency blunted something of their sting, and their injustice gave her a support against their sarcasm, she read and thought over them in a spirit of bitter mortification. Of course she showed none of these letters to her father. He, indeed, only asked if Dick were well, or if he were soon going up for that scholarship or fellowship—he did not know which, nor was he to blame—"which, after all, it was hard on a Kearney to stoop to accept, only that times were changed with us, and we weren't what we used to be"—a reflection so overwhelming that he generally felt unable to dwell on it.

CHAPTER II.

THE PRINCE KOSTALERGI.

Maurice Kearney had once a sister whom he dearly loved, and whose sad fate lay very heavily on his heart, for he was not without self-accusings on the score of it. Matilda Kearney had been a belle of the Irish court and a toast at the club when Maurice was a young fellow in town; and he had been very proud of her beauty, and tasted a full share of those attentions which often fall to the lot of brothers of handsome girls.

Then Matty was an heiress—that is, she had twelve thousand pounds in her own right; and Ireland was not such a California as to make a very pretty girl with twelve thousand pounds an every-day chance. She had numerous offers of marriage, and, with the usual luck in such cases, there were commonplace, unattractive men with good means, and there were clever and agreeable fellows without a sixpence, all alike ineligible. Matty had that infusion of romance in her nature that few, if any, Irish girls are free from, and which made her desire that the man of her choice should be something out of the common. She would have liked a soldier who had won distinction in the field. The idea of military fame was very dear to her Irish heart, and she fancied with what pride she would hang upon the arm of one whose gay trappings and gold embroidery emblematized the career he followed. If not a soldier, she would have liked a great orator, some leader in debate that men would rush down to hear, and whose glowing words would be gathered up and repeated as though inspirations: after that a poet, and perhaps—not a painter—a sculptor, she thought, might do.

With such aspirations as these, it is not surprising that she rejected the offers of those comfortable fellows in Meath, or Louth, whose military glories were militia drills, and whose eloquence was confined to the bench of magistrates.

At three-and-twenty she was in the full blaze of her beauty; at three-and-thirty she was still unmarried; her looks on the wane, but her romance stronger than ever, not untinged, perhaps, with a little bitterness toward that sex which had not afforded one man of merit enough to woo and win her. Partly out of pique with a land so barren of all that could minister to imagination, partly in anger with her brother who had been urging her to a match she disliked, she went abroad to travel, wandered about for a year or two, and at last found herself one winter at Naples.

There was at that time, as secretary to the Greek legation, a young fellow whom repute called the handsomest man in Europe. He was a certain Spiridion Kostalergi, whose title was Prince of Delos; though whether there was such a principality, or that he was its representative, society was not fully agreed upon. At all events, Miss Kearney met him at a court ball, when he wore his national costume, looking, it must be owned, so splendidly handsome that all thought of his princely rank was forgotten in presence of a face and figure that recalled the highest triumphs of ancient art. It was Antinous come to life in an embroidered cap and a gold-worked jacket, and it was Antinous with a voice like Mario, and who waltzed in perfection. This splendid creature, a modern Alcibiades in gifts of mind and graces, soon heard, among his other triumphs, how a rich and handsome Irish girl had fallen in love with him at first sight. He had himself been struck by her good looks and her stylish air; and learning that there could be no doubt about her fortune, he lost no time in making his advances. Before the end of the first week of their acquaintance he proposed. She referred him to her brother before she could consent; and though, when Kostalergi inquired among her English friends, none had ever heard of a Lord Kilgobbin, the fact of his being Irish explained their ignorance, not to say that Kearney's reply being a positive refusal of consent, so fully satisfied the Greek that it was "a good thing," he pressed his suit with a most passionate ardor; threatened to kill himself if she persisted in rejecting him, and so worked upon her heart by his devotion, or on her pride by the thought of his position, that she yielded, and within three weeks from the day they first met she became the Princess of Delos.

When a Greek, holding any public employ, marries money, his government is usually prudent enough to promote him. It is a recognition of the merit that others have discovered, and a wise administration marches with the inventions of the age it lives in. Kostalergi's chief was consequently recalled, suffered to fall back upon his previous obscurity—he had been a commission agent for a house in the Greek trade—and the Prince of Delos gazetted as Minister Plenipotentiary of Greece, with the first class of St. Salvador, in recognition of his services to the state; no one being indiscreet enough to add that the aforesaid services were comprised in marrying an Irishwoman with a dowry of—to quote the *Athenian Hemera*—"three hundred and fifty thousand drachmas."

For a while—it was a very brief while—the romantic mind of the Irish girl was raised to a sort of transport of enjoyment. Here was every thing—more than every thing—her most glowing imagination had ever conceived. Love, ambition, station, all gratified, though, to be sure, she had quarreled with her brother, who had returned her last letters unopened. Maurice, she thought, was too good-hearted to bear a long grudge; he would see her happiness, he would hear what a devoted and good husband her dear Spiridion had proved himself, and he would forgive her at last.

Though, as was well known, the Greek envoy received but a very moderate salary from his government, and even that not paid with a strict punctuality, the legation was maintained with a splendor that rivaled, if not surpassed, those of France, England, or Russia. The Prince of Delos led the fashion in equipage, as did the Princess in toilet; their dinners, their balls, their fêtes attracted the curiosity of even the highest to witness them; and to such a degree of notoriety had the Greek hospitality attained, that Naples at last admitted that without the Palazzo Kostalergi there would be nothing to attract strangers to the capital.

Play, so invariably excluded from the habits of an embassy, was carried on at this legation to such an excess that the clubs were completely deserted, and all the young men of gambling tastes flocked here each night, sure to find lansquenet or faro, and for stakes which no public table could possibly supply. It was not alone that this life of a gambler estranged Kostalergi from his wife, but that the scandal of his infidelities had reached her also, just at the time when some vague glimmering suspicions of his utter worthlessness were breaking on her mind. The birth of a little girl did not seem in the slightest degree to renew the ties between them; on the contrary, the embarrassment of a baby and the cost it must entail were the only considerations he would entertain, and it was a constant question of his—uttered, too, with a tone of sarcasm that cut her to the heart—"Would not her brother—the Lord Irlandais—like to have that baby? Would she not write and ask him?" Unpleasant stories had long been rife about the play at the Greek legation, when a young Russian secretary, of high family and influence, lost an immense sum under circumstances which determined him to refuse payment. Kostalergi, who had been the chief winner, refused every thing like inquiry or examination—in fact, he made investigation impossible; for the cards, which the Russian had declared to be marked, the Greek gathered up slowly from the table and threw them into the fire, pressing his foot upon them in the flames, and then calmly returning to where the other stood, he struck him across the face with his open hand, saying, as he did it, "Here is another debt to repudiate, and before the same witnesses also!"

The outrage did not admit of delay, the arrangements were made in an instant, and within half an hour—merely time enough to send for a surgeon—they met at the end of the garden of the legation. The Russian fired first, and, though a consummate pistol-shot, agitation at the insult so unnerved him that he missed; his ball cut the knot of Kostalergi's cravat. The Greek took a calm and deliberate aim, and sent his bullet through the other's forehead. He fell without a word, stone dead.

Though the duel had been a fair one, and the *procès verbal* drawn up and agreed on both sides showed that all had been done loyally, the friends of the young Russian had influence to make the Greek government not only recall the envoy, but actually the mission itself.

For some years the Kostalergis lived in retirement at Palermo, not knowing, nor known to any one. Their means were now so reduced that they had barely sufficient for daily life, and, though the Greek prince—as he was called—constantly appeared on the public promenade well dressed, and in all the pride of his handsome figure, it was currently said that his wife was literally dying of want.

It was only after long and agonizing suffering that she ventured to write to her brother, and appeal to him for advice and assistance. But at last she did so, and a correspondence grew up which, in a measure, restored the affection between them. When Kostalergi discovered the source from which his wretched wife now drew her consolation and her courage, he forbade her to write more, and himself addressed a letter to Kearney so insulting and offensive—charging him even with causing the discord of his home, and showing the letter to his wife before sending it—that the poor woman, long failing in health and broken down, sank soon after, and died so destitute that the very funeral was paid for by a subscription among her countrymen. Kostalergi had left her some days before her death, carrying the girl along with him, nor was his whereabouts learned for a considerable time.

When next he emerged into the world it was at Rome, where he gave lessons in music and modern languages, in many of which he was a proficient. His splendid appearance, his captivating address, his thorough familiarity with the modes of society, gave him the *entrée* to many houses, where his talents amply requited the hospitality he received. He possessed, among his other gifts, an immense amount of plausibility, and people found it, besides, very difficult to believe ill of that well-bred, somewhat retiring, man, who, in circumstances of the very narrowest fortunes, not only looked and dressed like a gentleman, but actually brought up a daughter with a degree of care and an amount of regard to her education that made him appear a model parent.

Nina Kostalergi was then about seventeen, though she looked at least three years older. She was a tall, slight, pale girl, with perfectly regular features—so classic in the mould, and so devoid of any expression, that she recalled the face one sees on a cameo. Her hair was of wondrous beauty—that rich gold-color which has "reflets" through it, as the light falls full or faint, and of an abundance that taxed her ingenuity to dress it. They gave her the sobriquet of the Titian Girl at Rome whenever she appeared abroad.

In the only letter Kearney had received from his brother-in-law after his sister's death was an insolent demand for a sum of money, which he alleged that Kearney was unjustly withholding, and which he now threatened to enforce by law. "I am well aware," wrote he, "what measure of honor or honesty I am to expect from a man whose very name and designation are a deceit. But probably prudence will suggest how much better it would be on this occasion to simulate rectitude than risk the shame of an open exposure."

To this gross insult Kearney never deigned any reply; and now more than two years passed without any tidings of his disreputable relation, when there came one morning a letter with the Roman post-mark, and addressed, "à Monsieur le Vicomte de Kilgobbin, à son Château de Kilgobbin, en Irlande." To the honor of the officials in the Irish post-office, it was forwarded to Kilgobbin with the words, "Try Maurice Kearney, Esq.," in the corner.

A glance at the writing showed it was not in Kostalergi's hand, and, after a moment or two of hesitation, Kearney opened it. He turned at once for the writer's name, and read the words, "Nina Kostalergi"—his sister's child! "Poor Matty," was all he could say for some minutes. He remembered the letter in which she told him of her little girl's birth, and implored his forgiveness for herself and his love for her baby. "I want both, my dear brother," wrote she; "for though the bonds we make for ourselves by our passions—" And the rest of the sentence was erased—she evidently thinking she had delineated all that could give a clew to a despondent reflection.

The present letter was written in English, but in that quaint peculiar hand Italians often write in. It begun by asking forgiveness for daring to write to him, and recalling the details of the relationship between them, as though he could not have remembered it. "I am, then, in my right," wrote she, "when I address you as my dear, dear uncle, of whom I have heard so much, and whose name was in my prayers ere I knew why I knelt to pray."

Then followed a piteous appeal—it was actually a cry for protection. Her father, she said, had determined to devote her to the stage, and already had taken steps to sell her—she said she used the word advisedly—for so many years to the impresario of the Fenice at Venice, her voice and musical skill being such as to give hope of her becoming a prima donna. She had, she said, frequently sung at private parties at Rome, but only knew within the last few days that she had been, not a guest, but a paid performer. Overwhelmed with the shame and indignity of this false position, she implored her mother's brother to compassionate her. "If I could not become a governess, I could be your servant, dearest uncle," she wrote. "I only ask a roof to shelter me and a refuge. May I go to you? I would beg my way on foot, if I only knew that at the last your heart and your door would be open to me, and, as I fell at your feet, knew that I was saved."

Until a few days ago, she said, she had by her some little trinkets her mother had left her, and on which she counted as a means of escape; but her father had discovered them, and taken them from her.

"If you answer this—and oh, let me not doubt you will—write to me to the care of the Signori Cayani and Battistella, bankers, Rome. Do not delay, but remember that I am friendless, and, but for this chance, hopeless. Your niece,

"Nina Kostalergi."

While Kearney gave this letter to his daughter to read, he walked up and down the room with his head bent and his hands deep in his pockets.

"I think I know the answer you'll send to this, papa," said the girl, looking up at him with a glow of pride and affection in her face. "I do not need that you should say it."

"It will take fifty—no, not fifty, but five-and-thirty pounds to bring her over here, and how is she to come all alone?"

Kate made no reply; she knew the danger sometimes of interrupting his own solution of a difficulty.

"She's a big girl, I suppose, by this—fourteen or fifteen?"

"Over nineteen, papa."

"So she is—I was forgetting. That scoundrel, her father, might come after her; he'd have the right, if he wished to enforce it, and what a scandal he'd bring upon us all!"

"But would he care to do it? Is he not more likely to be glad to be disembarrassed of her charge?"

"Not if he was going to sell her—not if he could convert her into money."

"He has never been in England; he may not know how far the law would give him any power over her."

"Don't trust that, Kate; a blackguard always can find out how much is in his favor every where. If he doesn't know it now, he'd know it the day after he landed." He paused an instant, and then said: "There will be the devil to pay with old Peter Gill, for he'll want all the cash I can scrape together for Loughrea fair. He counts on having eighty sheep down there at the long crofts, and a cow or two besides. That's money's worth, girl!"

Another silence followed, after which he said, "And I think worse of the Greek scoundrel than all the cost."

"Somehow, I have no fear that he'll come here."

"You'll have to talk over Peter, Kitty"—he always said Kitty when he meant to coax her. "He'll mind you, and at all events you don't care about his grumbling. Tell him it's a sudden call on me for railroad shares, or"—and here he winked knowingly—"say, it's going to Rome the money is, and for the Pope!"

"That's an excellent thought, papa," said she, laughing; "I'll certainly tell him the money is going to Rome, and you'll write soon—you see with what anxiety she expects your answer."

"I'll write to-night when the house is quiet, and there's no racket nor disturbance about me." Now, though Kearney said this with a perfect conviction of its truth and reasonableness, it would have been very difficult for any one to say in what that racket he spoke of consisted, or wherein the quietude of even midnight was greater than that which prevailed there at noonday. Never, perhaps, were lives more completely still or monotonous than theirs. People who derive no interests from the outer world, who know nothing of what goes on in life, gradually subside into a condition in which reflection takes the place of conversation, and lose all zest and all necessity for that small-talk which serves, like the changes of a game, to while away time, and by the aid of which, if we do no more, we often delude the cares and worries of existence.

A kind good-morning when they met, and a few words during the day—some mention of this or that event of the farm or the laborers, and rare enough, too—some little incident that happened among the tenants, made all the materials of their intercourse, and filled up lives which either would very freely have owned were far from unhappy.

Dick, indeed, when he came home and was weather-bound for a day, did lament his sad destiny, and mutter half-intelligible nonsense of what he would not rather do than descend to such a melancholy existence; but in all his complainings he never made Kate discontented with her lot, or desire any thing beyond it.

"It's all very well," he would say, "till you know something better."

"But I want no better!"

"Do you mean you'd like to go through life in this fashion?"

"I can't pretend to say what I may feel as I grow older; but if I could be sure to be as I am now, I could ask nothing better."

"I must say, it's a very inglorious life," said he, with a sneer.

"So it is, but how many, may I ask, are there who lead glorious lives? Is there any glory in dining out, in dancing, visiting, and picnicking? Where is the great glory of the billiard-table or the croquet-lawn? No, no, my dear Dick, the only glory that falls to the share of such humble folks as we are, is to have something to do, and to do it."

Such were the sort of passages would now and then occur between them—little contests, be it said, in which she usually came off the conqueror.

If she were to have a wish gratified, it would have been a few more books—something besides those odd volumes of Scott's novels, "Zeluco" by Doctor Moore, and "Florence M'Carthy," which comprised her whole library, and which she read over and over unceasingly. She was now in her usual place—a deep window-seat—intently occupied with Amy Robsart's sorrows, when her father came to read what he had written in answer to Nina. If it was very brief, it was very affectionate. It told her in a few words that she had no need to recall the ties of their relationship; that his heart never ceased to remind him of them; that his home was a very dull one, but that her cousin Kate would try and make it a happy one to her; entreated her to confer with the banker, to whom he remitted forty pounds, in what way she could make the journey, since he was too broken in health himself to go and fetch her. "It is a bold step I am counseling you to take. It is no light thing to quit a father's home, and I have my misgivings how far I am a wise adviser in recommending it. There is, however, a present peril, and I must try, if I can, to save you from it. Perhaps, in my Old-World notions, I attach to the thought of the stage ideas that you would only smile at; but none of our race, so far as I know, fell to that condition—nor must you, while I have a roof to shelter you.

"If you would write, and say about what time I might expect you, I would try to meet you on your landing in England at Dover.

"Kate sends you her warmest love, and longs to see you."

This was the whole of it. But a brief line to the bankers said that any expense they judged needful to her safe convoy across Europe would be gratefully repaid by him.

"Is it all right, dear? Have I forgotten any thing?" asked he, as Kate read it over.

"It's every thing, papa—every thing. And I *do* long to see her."

"I hope she's like Mattie—if she's only like her poor mother, it will make my heart young again to look at her."

CHAPTER III.

"THE CHUMS."

IN that old square of Trinity College, Dublin, one side of which fronts the Park, and in chambers on the ground-floor, an oak door bore the names of "Kearney and Atlee."

Kearney was the son of Lord Kilgobbin; Atlee, his chum, the son of a Presbyterian minister in the north of Ireland, had been four years in the university, but was still in his freshman period, not from any deficiency of scholar-like ability to push on, but that, as the poet of the "Seasons" lay in bed because he "had no motive for rising," Joe Atlee felt that there need be no urgency about taking a degree which, when he had got, he should be sorely puzzled to know what to do with. He was a clever, ready-witted, but capricious fellow, fond of pleasure, and self-indulgent to a degree that ill suited his very smallest of fortunes; for his father was a poor man, with a large family, and had already embarrassed himself heavily by the cost of sending his eldest son to the university. Joe's changes of purpose—for he had in succession abandoned law for medicine, medicine for theology, and theology for civil engineering, and, finally, gave them all up—had so outraged his father that he declared he would not continue any allowance to him beyond the present year; to which Joe replied by the same post, sending back the twenty pounds inclosed him, and saying: "The only amendment I would make to your motion is as to the date—let it begin from to-day. I suppose I shall have to swim without corks some time. I may as well try now as later on."

The first experience of his "swimming without corks" was to lie in bed two days and smoke; the next was to rise at daybreak and set out on a long walk into the country, from which he returned late at night, wearied and exhausted, having eaten but once during the day.

Kearney, dressed for an evening party, resplendent with jewelry, essenced and curled, was about to issue forth, when Atlee, dusty and way-worn, entered and threw himself into a chair.

"What lark have you been on, Master Joe?" he said. "I have not seen you for three days, if not four."

"No; I've begun to train," said he, gravely. "I want to see how long a fellow could hold on to life on three pipes of Cavendish per diem. I take it that the absorbents won't be more cruel than a man's creditors, and will not issue a distraint where there are no assets, so that probably by the time I shall have brought myself down to, let us say, seven stone weight, I shall have reached the goal."

This speech he delivered slowly and calmly, as though enunciating a very grave proposition.

"What new nonsense is this? Don't you think health worth something?"

"Next to life, unquestionably; but one condition of health is to be alive, and I don't see how to manage that. Look here, Dick, I have just had a quarrel with my father; he is an excellent man and an impressive preacher, but he fails in the imaginative qualities. Nature has been a niggard to him in inventiveness. He is the minister of a little parish called Aghadoe, in the North, where they give him two hundred and ten pounds per annum. They are eight in family, and he actually doesn't see his way to allow me one hundred and fifty out of it. That's the way they neglect arithmetic in our modern schools!"

"Has he reduced your allowance?"

"He has done more, he has extinguished it."

"Have you provoked him to this?"

"I have provoked him to it."

"But is it not possible to accommodate matters? It should not be very difficult, surely, to show him that once you are launched in life—"

"And when will that be, Dick?" broke in the other. "I have been on the stocks these four years, and that launching process you talk of looks just as remote as ever. No, no; let us be fair. He has all the right on his side; all the wrong is on mine. Indeed, so far as conscience goes, I have always felt it so; but one's conscience, like one's boots, gets so pliant from wear, that it ceases to give pain. Still, on my honor, I never hip-hurrahed to a toast, that I did not feel, there goes broken boots to one of the boys, or, worse again, the cost of a cotton dress for one of the sisters. Whenever I took a sherry-cobbler, I thought of suicide after it. Self-indulgence and self-reproach got linked in my nature so inseparably, it was hopeless to summon one without the other, till at last I grew to believe it was very heroic in me to deny myself nothing, seeing how sorry I should be for it afterward. But come, old fellow, don't lose your evening; we'll have time enough to talk over these things—where are you going?"

"To the Clancys'."

"To be sure; what a fellow I am to forget it was Letty's birthday, and I was to have brought her a bouquet! Dick, be a good fellow, and tell her some lie or other—that I was sick in bed, or away to see an aunt or a grandmother, and that I had a splendid bouquet for her, but wouldn't let it reach her through other hands than my own, but to-morrow—to-morrow she shall have it."

"You know well enough you don't mean any thing of the sort."

"On my honor, I'll keep my promise. I've an old silver watch yonder—I think it knows the way to the pawn-office by itself. There, now be off; for if I begin to think of all the fun you're going to, I shall just dress and join you."

"No, I'd not do that," said Dick, gravely; "nor shall I stay long myself. Don't go to bed, Joe, till I come back. Good-by."

"Say all good and sweet things to Letty for me. Tell her—" Kearney did not wait for his message, but hurried down the steps and drove off.

Joe sat down at the fire, filled his pipe, looked steadily at it, and then laid it on the mantelpiece. "No, no, Master Joe. You must be thrifty now. You have smoked twice since—I can afford to say—since dinner-time, for you haven't dined. It is strange, that now the sense of hunger has passed off, what a sense of excitement I feel. Two hours back I could have been a cannibal. I believe I could have eaten the vice-provost—though I should have liked him strongly deviled—and now I feel stimulated. Hence it is, perhaps, that so little wine is enough to affect the heads of starving people—almost maddening them. Perhaps Dick suspected something of this, for he did not care that I should go along with him. Who knows but he may have thought the sight of a supper might have overcome me? If he knew but all. I'm much more disposed to make love to Letty Clancy than to go in for galantine and Champagne. By-the-way, I wonder if the physiologists are aware of that? It is, perhaps, what constitutes the ethereal condition of love. I'll write an essay on that, or, better still, I'll write a review of an imaginary French essay. Frenchmen are permitted to say so much more than we are, and I'll be rebukeful on the score of his excesses. The bitter way in which a Frenchman always visits his various incapacities—whether it be to know something, or to do something, or to be something—on the species he belongs to; the way in which he suggests that, had he been consulted on the matter, humanity had been a much more perfect organization, and able to sustain a great deal more of wickedness without disturbance, is great fun. I'll certainly invent a Frenchman and make him an author, and then demolish him. What if I make him die of hunger, having tasted nothing for eight days but the proof-sheets of his great work—the work I am then reviewing. For four days—but stay;—if I starve him to death, I can not tear his work to pieces. No; he shall be alive, living in splendor and honor, a frequenter of the Tuileries, a favored guest at Compiègne."

Without perceiving it, he had now taken his pipe, lighted it, and was smoking away. "By-the-way, how those same Imperialists have played the game! the two or three middle-aged men, that Kinglake says 'Put their heads together to plan for a livelihood,' I wish they had taken me into the partnership. It's the sort of thing I'd have liked well; ay, and I could have done it too! I wonder," said he, aloud—"I wonder, if I were an emperor, should I marry Letty Clancy? I suspect not. Letty would have been flippant as an empress, and her cousins would have made atrocious princes of the imperial family, though, for the matter of that—Halloo! Here have I been smoking without knowing it! Can any one tell us whether the sins we do inadvertently count as sins, or do we square them off by our inadvertent good actions? I trust I shall not be called on to catalogue mine. There, my courage is out!" As he said this, he emptied the ashes of his pipe, and gazed sorrowfully at the empty bowl.

"Now, if I were the son of some good house, with a high-sounding name and well-to-do relations, I'd soon bring them to terms if they dared to cast me off. I'd turn milk or muffin man, and serve the street they lived in. I'd sweep the crossing in front of their windows, or I'd commit a small theft, and call on my high connections for a character—but being who and what I am, I might do any or all of these, and shock nobody.

"Now, to take stock of my effects. Let me see what my assets will bring when reduced to cash, for this time it shall be a sale." And he turned to a table where paper and pens were lying, and proceeded to write. "Personal, sworn under, let us say, ten thousand pounds. Literature first. To divers worn copies of 'Virgil,' 'Tacitus,' 'Juvenal,' and 'Ovid,' 'Cæsar's Commentaries,' and 'Catullus;' to ditto ditto of 'Homer,' 'Lucian,' 'Aristophanes,' 'Balzac,' 'Anacreon,' Bacon's 'Essays,' and Moore's 'Melodies;' to Dwight's 'Theology'—uncut copy, Heine's 'Poems'—very much thumbed, 'Saint Simon'—very ragged, two volumes of 'Les Causes Célèbres,' Tone's 'Memoirs,' and Béranger's 'Songs;' to Cuvier's 'Comparative Anatomy,' 'Shrœder on Shakspeare,' Newman's 'Apology,' Archbold's 'Criminal Law,' and 'Songs of the Nation;' to Colenso, 'East's Cases for the Crown,' Carte's 'Ormonde,' and 'Pickwick.' But why go on? Let us call it the small but well-selected library of a distressed gentleman, whose cultivated mind is reflected in the marginal notes with which these volumes abound. Will any gentleman say, '£10 for the lot?' Why, the very criticisms are worth—I mean to a man of literary taste—five times the amount. No offer at £10? Who is that says 'five?' I trust my ears have deceived me. You repeat the insulting proposal? Well, Sir, on your own head be it! Mr. Atlee's library—or the Atlee collection is better—was yesterday disposed of to a well-known collector of rare books, and, if we are rightly informed, for a mere fraction of its value. Never mind, Sir, I bear you no ill-will! I was irritable; and to show you my honest animus in the matter, I beg to present you, in addition, with this, a handsomely-bound and gilt copy of a sermon by the Rev. Isaac Atlee, on the opening of the new meeting-house in Coleraine—a discourse that cost my father some sleepless nights, though I have heard the effect on the congregation was dissimilar.

"The pictures are few. Cardinal Cullen, I believe, is Kearney's; at all events, he is the worse for being made a target for pistol-firing, and the archiepiscopal nose has been sorely damaged. Two views of Killarney in the weather of the period—that means July—and raining in torrents, and consequently the scene, for aught discoverable, might be the Gaboon. Portrait of Joe Atlee, ætatis four years, with a villainous squint, and something that looks like a plug in the left jaw. A Skye terrier, painted, it is supposed, by himself; not to recite unframed prints of various celebrities of the ballet, in accustomed attitudes; with the Rev. Paul Bloxham blessing some children—though, from the gesture and the expression of the juveniles, it might seem cuffing them—on the inauguration of the Sunday-school at Kilmurry Macmacmahon.

"Lot three, interesting to anatomical lecturers and others, especially those engaged in paleontology. The articulated skeleton of an Irish giant, representing a man who must have stood in his no-stockings eight feet four inches. This, I may add, will be warranted as authentic, in so far that I made him myself out of at least eighteen or twenty big specimens, with a few slight 'divergencies,' I may call them, such as putting in eight more dorsal vertebræ than the regulation, and that the right femur is two inches longer than the left. The inferior maxillary too was stolen from a 'Pithacus Satyrus,' in the Cork museum, by an old friend, since transported for Fenianism. These blemishes apart, he is an admirable giant, and fully as ornamental and useful as the species generally.

"As to my wardrobe, it is less costly than curious. An alpaca paletot of a neutral tint, which I have much affected of late, having indisposed me to other wear. For dinner and evening duty I usually wear Kearney's, though too tight across the chest, and short in the sleeves. These, with a silver watch which no pawnbroker—and I have tried eight—will ever advance more on than seven-and-six. I once got the figure up to nine shillings by supplementing an umbrella which was Dick's, and which still remains, 'unclaimed and unredeemed.'

"Two o'clock, by all that is supperless! evidently Kearney is enjoying himself. Ah, youth, youth! I wish I could remember some of the spiteful things that are said of you—not but on the whole, I take it, you have the right end of the stick. Is it possible there is nothing to eat in this inhospitable mansion?" He arose and opened a sort of cupboard in the wall, scrutinizing it closely with the candle. "'Give me but the superfluities of life,' says Gavarni, 'and I'll not trouble you for its necessaries.' What would he say, however, to a fellow famishing with hunger in presence of nothing but pickled mushrooms and Worcester sauce! Oh, here is a crust! 'Bread is the staff of life.' On my oath, I believe so; for this eats devilish like a walking-stick."

"Halloo! back already?" cried he, as Kearney flung wide the door and entered. "I suppose you hurried away back to join me at supper."

"Thanks; but I have supped already, and at a more tempting banquet than this I see before you."

"Was it pleasant? Was it jolly? Were the girls looking lovely? Was the Champagne-cup well iced? Was every body charming? Tell me all about it. Let me have second-hand pleasure, since I can't afford the new article."

"It was pretty much like every other small ball here, where the garrison get all the prettiest girls for partners, and take the mammas down to supper after."

"Cunning dogs, who secure flirtation above stairs and food below! And what is stirring in the world? What are the gayeties in prospect? Are any of my old flames about to get married?"

"I didn't know you had any."

"Have I not! I believe half the parish of St. Peter's might proceed against me for breach of promise; and if the law allowed me as many wives as Brigham Young, I'd be still disappointing a large and interesting section of society in the suburbs."

"They have made a seizure on the office of the *Pike*, and carried off the press and the whole issue, and are in eager pursuit after Madden, the editor."

"What for? What is it all about?"

"A new ballad he has published; but which, for the matter of that, they were singing at every corner as I came along."

"Was it good? Did you buy a copy?"

"Buy a copy? I should think not."

"Couldn't your patriotism stand the test of a penny?"

"It might, if I wanted the production, which I certainly did not; besides, there is a run upon this, and they are selling it at sixpence."

"Hurrah! There's hope for Ireland, after all! Shall I sing it for you, old fellow? Not that you deserve it. English corruption has damped the little Irish ardor that old rebellion once kindled in your heart; and if you could get rid of your brogue, you're ready to be loyal. You shall hear it, however, all the same." And taking up a very damaged-looking guitar, he struck a few bold chords, and begun:

Is there any thing more we can fight or can hate for?
  The "drop" and the famine have made our ranks thin.
In the name of endurance, then, what do we wait for?
  Will nobody give us the word to begin?

Some brothers have left us in sadness and sorrow,
  In despair of the cause they had sworn to win;
They owned they were sick of that cry of "to-morrow;"
  Not a man would believe that we meant to begin.

We've been ready for months—is there one can deny it?
  Is there any one here thinks rebellion a sin?
We counted the cost—and we did not decry it,
  And we asked for no more than the word to begin.

At Vinegar Hill, when our fathers were fighters,
  With numbers against them, they cared not a pin,
They needed no orders from newspaper writers,
  To tell them the day it was time to begin.

To sit down here in sadness and silence to bear it,
  Is harder to face than the battle's loud din,
'Tis the shame that will kill me—I vow it, I swear it!
  Now or never's the time, if we mean to begin.

There was a wild rapture in the way he struck the last chords, that, if it did not evince ecstasy, seemed to counterfeit enthusiasm.

"Very poor doggerel, with all your bravura," said Kearney, sneeringly.

"What would you have? I only got three-and-six for it."

"You! Is that thing yours?"

"Yes, Sir; that thing is mine. And the Castle people think somewhat more gravely about it than you do."

"At which you are pleased, doubtless?"

"Not pleased, but proud, Master Dick, let me tell you. It's a very stimulating reflection to the man who dines on an onion, that he can spoil the digestion of another fellow who has been eating turtle."

"But you may have to go to prison for this."

"Not if you don't peach on me, for you are the only one knows the authorship. You see, Dick, these things are done cautiously. They are dropped into a letter-box with an initial letter, and a clerk hands the payment to some of those itinerant hags that sing the melody, and who can be trusted with the secret as implicitly as the briber at a borough election."

"I wish you had a better livelihood, Joe."

"So do I, or that my present one paid better. The fact is, Dick, patriotism never was worth much as a career till one got to the top of the profession. But if you mean to sleep at all, old fellow, 'it's time to begin,'" and he chanted out the last words in a clear and ringing tone as he banged the door behind him.

MODERN SPARTANS.

THE southern point of Greece terminates in a promontory which gradually narrows, and plunges into the sea like a sharp arrow. Surrounded by reefs, against which a furious sea is ever roaring, it claims the dark renown of devouring ships and sailors. The coast, only too famous in the history of piracy, presents an aspect of complete desolation. Sharp, arid rocks, burned by the fierce sun, disclose here and there a narrow valley, where lies a small village; and on the overhanging precipices are ancient fortresses, perched like eagles' nests, some dismantled, others still entire. Nor is the interior of the country less severe in its aspect. It would seem as if the hand of the Cyclops had overthrown and ravaged this part of the world. The bare rocks rise in most fanciful forms, here clothed with the brightest colors, there with dark hues, according as they are exposed to burning heat or plunge into deep valleys. The district is known by the name of Kakovouli, or "the land of evil counsel," which is fully justified by the fierce natures and love of brigandage developed among the wild tribes of these uncultivated regions. Farther north nature somewhat softens: the myrtle and oleander grow in the dry bed of torrents; woods of olive and oak relieve the eye, and the mulberry ripens in the plains up to the foot of Mount Taygetus. This grand mass of rocks divides the country of the Mainotes from the rest of the Peloponnesus.

It is impossible to pass through the country without remarking the number of defensive works with which the Mainotes have protected their much menaced independence. The highest rocks, the entrances to the defiles, the inaccessible precipices, are alike covered with fortifications. Thus they give their country the name of Polypyrgos, meaning the many towers. Some of these are simply a tower of two stories, while others are strong castles, where the impoverished remnants of old families still reside. The people themselves, who have lived for ages in a warlike attitude, can not accustom themselves to peace. They wander around these old fortresses like soldiers weighed down by inaction. Each man professes a religious worship for his arms, and his pride is to adorn them with the richest ornaments. The carving and setting of even a peasant's gun would rouse the envy of an amateur. In this warlike accoutrement, a mixture of richness and misery, the Mainote never laughs, and speaks little; it is one of the traits which distinguish him from the talkative denizen of Attica. His manly face is full of pride and vague sadness, and on his brow may be read his legitimate pride in the antiquity of his race, and the uninterrupted duration of his independence, as well as the suffering which he has endured to secure it.

When the country was desolated by the rival families of the Mavromichalis and Mourzinos a romantic episode occurred, which is often told in the country. The former family having gone to celebrate Easter at one of their more distant castles, the Mourzinos profited by the occasion to attack their usual residence, and carried off Giovanni Mavromichalis, a boy of twelve years old, giving him up to the Turks. He was taken to Constantinople, and thrown into the dungeons of the Seven Towers—the Turks hoping that this precious hostage would make his family more submissive. Some years after, Iatrakis, a captain of Bardounia, went to Zante with his daughter, a girl of remarkable beauty. A Maltese corsair attacked them on the sea; the father was killed, and the girl sold to the seraglio. Her family had from time immemorial possessed certain medical recipes, which were secretly transmitted from parent to child. It happened that when Iatrakis's daughter was brought to Constantinople the sultan was attacked by fever, which none of his physicians could conquer. The young girl offered to cure him on the condition that, if successful, a request she had to make should be granted. Her proposition was accepted. She prepared a medicine according to the family formulas, and succeeded in saving the royal invalid. As the price of this benefit she asked for her own liberty and that of one of the Greek captives whom she should choose for her husband. She was led into the dungeons where so many of her compatriots lay groaning. By his tall stature, the nobility and pride of his features, she soon recognized the son of the Mavromichalis. His chains were struck off; and both, by order of the Sultan, were restored to their country with due honor.

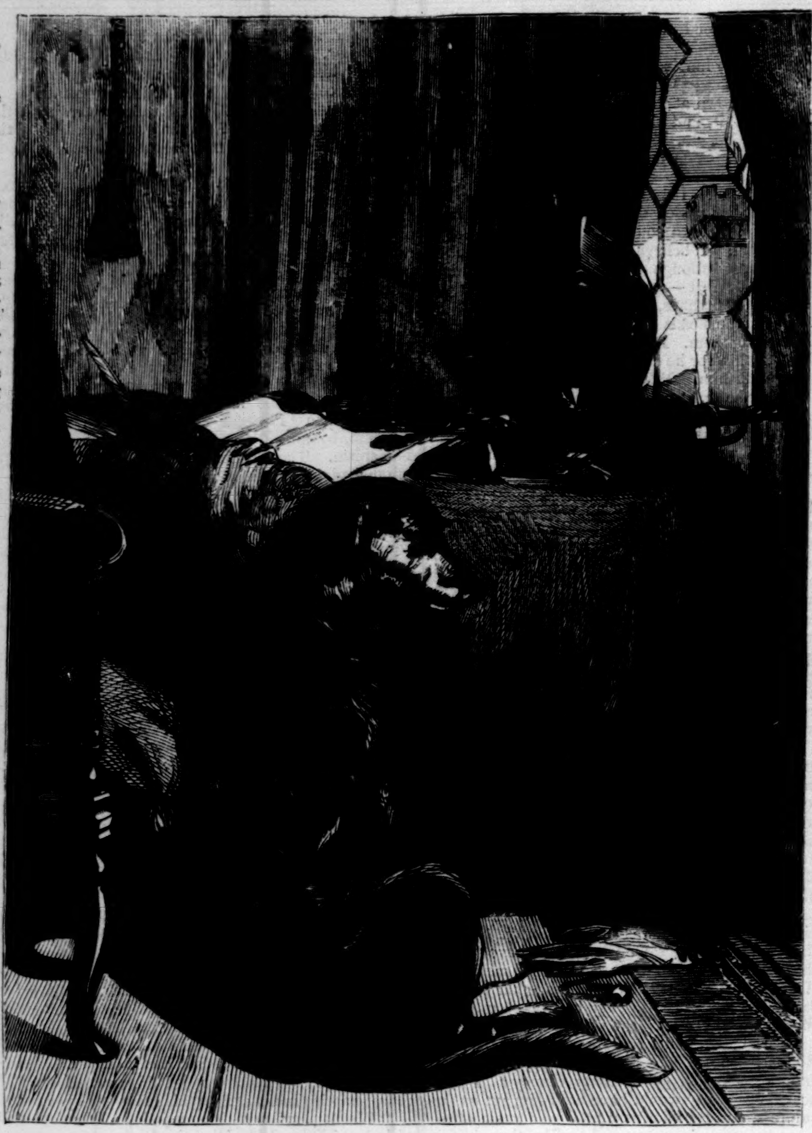
DOGS AND THEIR DOINGS.

By the Rev. F. O. Morris, B.A.

Rector of Nunburnholme, and Chaplain to his Grace the Duke of Cleveland. Author of a "History of British Birds," "Natural History of the Bible," etc., etc.

THE DOG OF MONTARGIS.

A gentleman named Macaire, an officer of the king's body-guard, entertained, for some reason, a bitter hatred against another gentleman, named Aubrey de Montdidier, his comrade in service. These two having met in the Forest of Bondy, near Paris, Macaire took an opportunity of treacherously murdering his brother officer, and buried him in a ditch. Montdidier was unaccompanied at the moment, excepting by a greyhound, with which he had probably gone out to hunt. It is not known whether the dog was muzzled, or from what other cause it permitted the deed to be accomplished without its interference. Be this as it might, the hound lay down on the grave of its master, and there remained till hunger compelled it to rise. It then went to the kitchen of one of Aubrey de Montdidier's dearest friends, where it was welcomed warmly and fed. As soon as its hunger was appeased the dog disappeared. For several days this coming and going was repeated, till at last the curiosity of those who saw its movements was excited, and it was resolved to follow the animal and see if any thing could be learned in explanation of Montdidier's sudden disappearance. The dog was accordingly followed, and was seen to come to a pause on some newly turned-up earth, where it set up the most mournful wailings and howlings. These cries were so touching that passengers were attracted, and finally, digging into the ground at the spot, they found there the body of Aubrey de Montdidier. It was raised and conveyed to Paris, where it was soon afterward interred in one of the city cemeteries. The dog attached itself from this time forth to the friend, already mentioned, of his late master. While attending on him, it chanced several times to get a sight of Macaire, and on every occasion it sprang upon him, and would have strangled him had it not been taken off by force. This intensity of hate on the part of the animal awakened a suspicion that Macaire had had some share in Montdidier's murder, for his body showed him to have met a violent death. Charles V., on being informed of the circumstances, wished to satisfy himself of their truth. He caused Macaire and the dog to be brought before him, and beheld the animal again spring upon the object of its hatred. The king interrogated Macaire closely, but the latter would not admit that he had been in any way connected with Montdidier's murder. Being strongly impressed by a conviction that the conduct of the dog was based on some guilty act of Macaire, the king ordered a combat to take place between the officer and his dumb accuser, according to the practice, in those days, between human plaintiffs and defendants. This remarkable combat took place on the Isle of Notre Dame, at Paris, in presence of the whole court. The king allowed Macaire to have a strong club as a defensive weapon, while, on the other hand, the only self-preservative means allowed to the dog consisted of an empty cask, into which it could retreat if hard pressed. The combatants appeared in the lists. The dog seemed perfectly aware of its situation and duty. For a short time it leaped actively around Macaire, and then, at one spring, it fastened itself upon his throat in so firm a manner that he could not disentangle himself. He would have been strangled had he not cried for mercy and avowed his crime. The dog was pulled from off him, but he was only liberated from its fangs to perish by the hands of the law. The fidelity of this dog has been celebrated in many a drama and poem, and it has been usually called the Dog of Montargis, from the combat having taken place at the château of Montargis.—Chambers's "*Anecdotes of Dogs.*"



HIGH LIFE.—[From the Picture by Sir E. Landseer.]

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF FIDELITY.

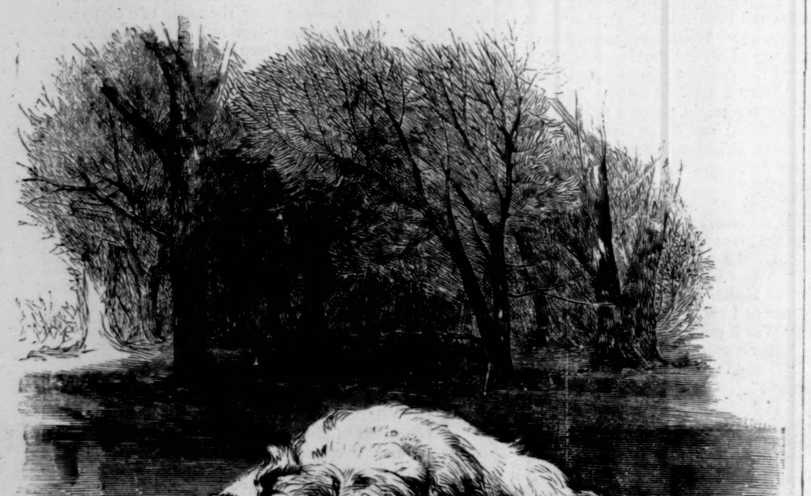
The following anecdote occurs in Washington Irving's writings:

"In January, 1799, the cold was so intense that the Seine was frozen to the depth of fifteen or sixteen inches. Following the example of a number of thoughtless youths who were determined to continue the amusement of skating, in spite of a thaw having commenced, a young student, called Beaumanoir, wished also to partake of this dangerous pleasure, near the quay of the Hôtel des Monnaies, of Paris; but he had scarcely gone twenty steps when the ice broke under his weight, and he disappeared. The young skater had taken his dog with him, which, seeing his master sink under the ice, immediately gave the alarm by barking with all his might, near the spot where the accident had happened. It will easily be believed that it was impossible to give any assistance to the unfortunate youth, but the howlings of the animal warned others from approaching the fatal place. The poor dog sent forth the most frightful howls; he ran along the river as if he were mad; and at last, not seeing his master return, he went to establish himself at the hole where he had seen him disappear, and there he passed the rest of the day and all the following night. The day after, people saw with surprise the poor animal sorrowfully at the same post. Struck with admiration of such constancy, some of them made him a little bed of straw, and brought him some food; but, absorbed in the most profound grief, he would not even drink the milk which these kind-hearted people placed near him. Sometimes he would run about the ice or the borders of the river to seek his master, but he always returned to sleep in the same place. He bit a soldier who was attempting to make him leave his inhospitable retreat, who, fearing that he was mad, fired at and wounded him. This affecting example of grief and constancy was witnessed for many days, and people came in crowds to contemplate this beautiful trait of attachment, which was not without its reward. The dog, being only slightly wounded, was taken charge of by a woman, who, compassionating his suffering, and touched by the affection he showed for his late master, carried him to her house, where his wound was dressed, and every effort that kindness could devise was practiced to console the faithful animal for the loss of his young master."

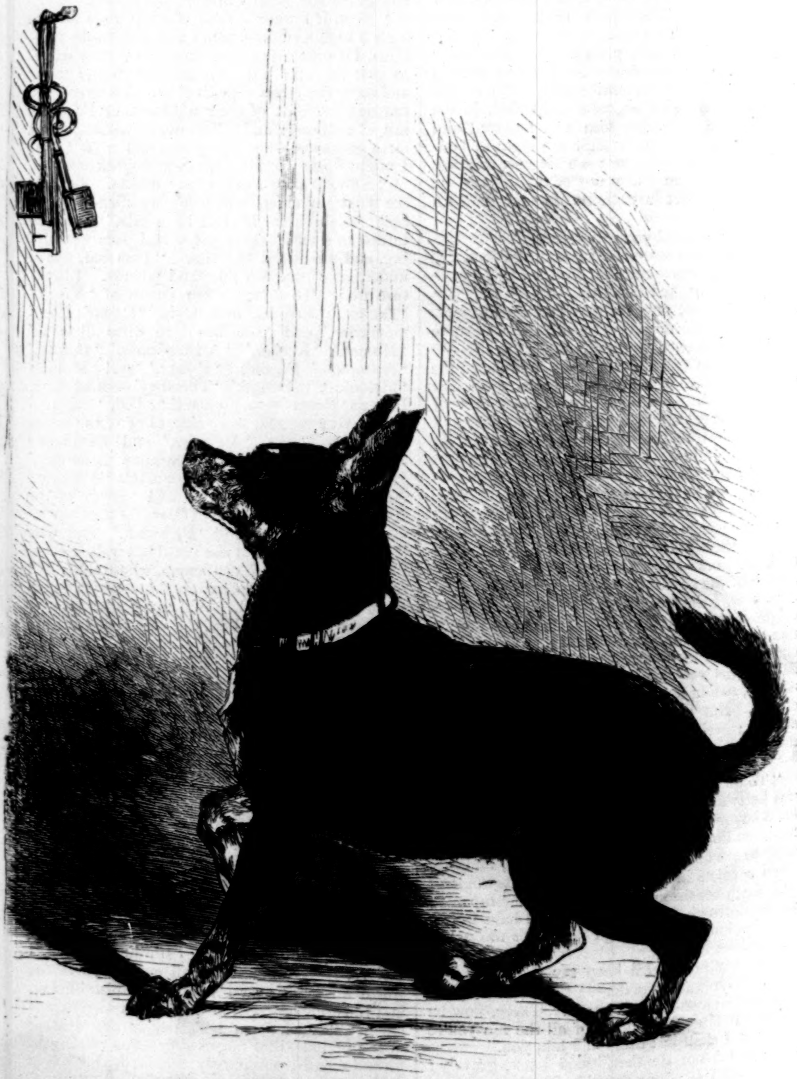
"TOPSY" AND THE SCHOOL KEYS.

One of the most sagacious little dogs in London belongs to Mr. Nice, the keeper of Highbury Chapel.

"Topsy" is not an idle dog; she is busy from Monday morning until Saturday night; for what with keys to watch, doors to attend to, and many



THE FAITHFUL DOG MOURNING HIS LOST MASTER.



TOPSY AND THE SCHOOL KEYS.

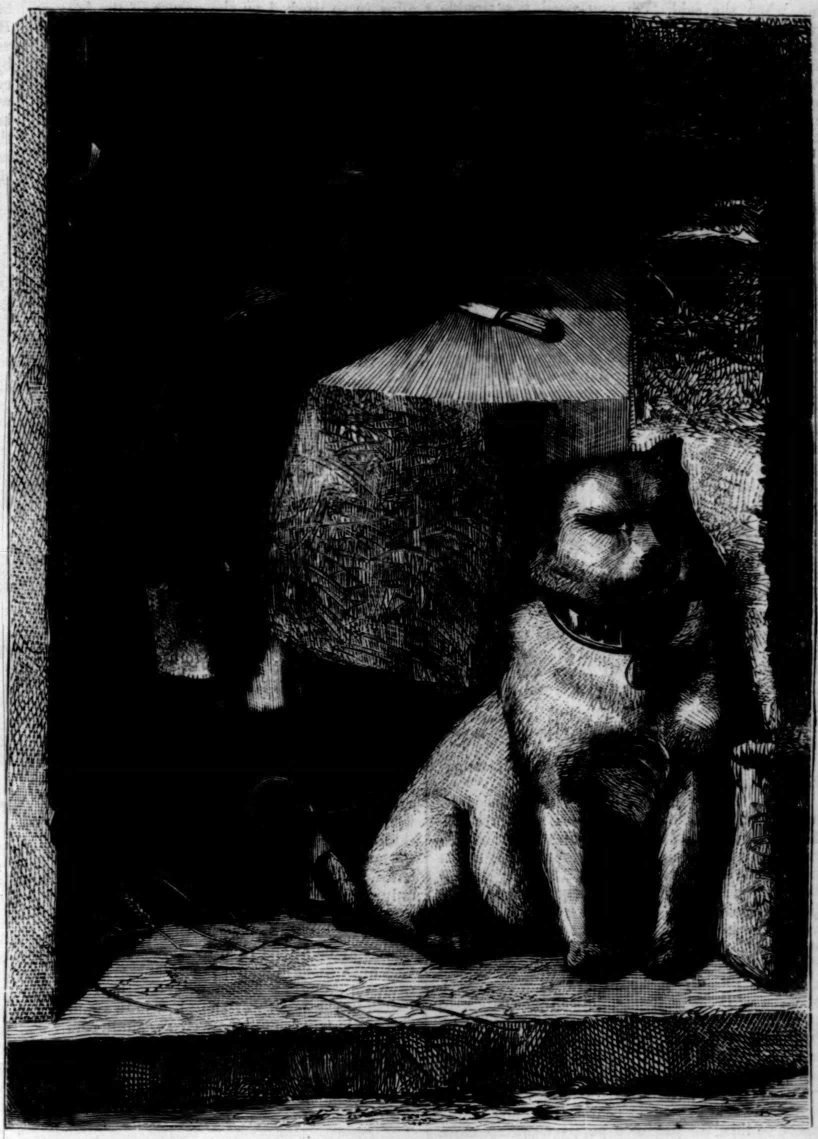
other things besides, her time is fully occupied. Sunday is "Topsy's" rest day, and right glad she seems not to be expected to bark, nor do any work on Sunday, for animals as well as men require, and are entitled to, one day of rest in the week. "Topsy's" master has trained her to distinguish the difference between Sunday and week-day, and if a stranger were to see her on Sunday, he would imagine that she was ill, for she lies down quietly in her bed, quite indifferent as to who comes in or who goes out. She knows that she must not make a noise, or bark at people who come to the chapel or the school on *that* day.

Mrs. Nice has a fine cat which lives in the same rooms with "Topsy," and she pays all due respect to Pussy. When the cat has her milk, "Topsy" sits quietly by to watch her drink it, and when Pussy has finished, "Topsy" expects the saucer refilled for herself. If she is kept waiting for her milk longer than she thinks right, she rings the bell—that is, she *taps* the saucer; and if the first tapping is not attended to, she taps again and again until she has due attention! "Topsy" is so polite that she can not be persuaded to touch her milk until the cat has had hers!

About 8 o'clock in the morning she may be seen sitting in the window watching for the boy who calls for the keys of the day-schools. These *keys are "Topsy's" particular charge.* She will not allow them to be taken from their place on the wall unless it be by her master, or by the person accustomed to give them up at night; and if brought in, and not hung up in their place at once, "Topsy" gets them, if they are left any where within reach, and hides them underneath the carpet. She then sits beside them, and cries very pitifully until Mr. or Mrs. Nice steps forward and hangs them up in their usual place. "Topsy," however, has no objection to the keys being taken from their place on the Lord's Day morning. On *that* morning she will allow *any* of the teachers to take them off the nail without the *slightest* hinderance, or without even looking after them.

"Topsy" is very affectionate and sympathizing: if at any time her master or mistress be unwell or in trouble, she tries her best to comfort them by licking their face and hands; and if at any time she has offended, and is spoken to crossly, she holds out her paw, and looks into their face so pitifully, as much as to say, "Please do shake hands with me and be friends." It is no wonder that "Topsy" has many friends who call in to see her and shake hands with her. The affectionate little creature never seems content to lie down in her bed at night without first putting out her paw and shaking hands with her master; it is her "good-night."

The high training of this beautiful dog reflects the greatest credit on her kind-hearted master.

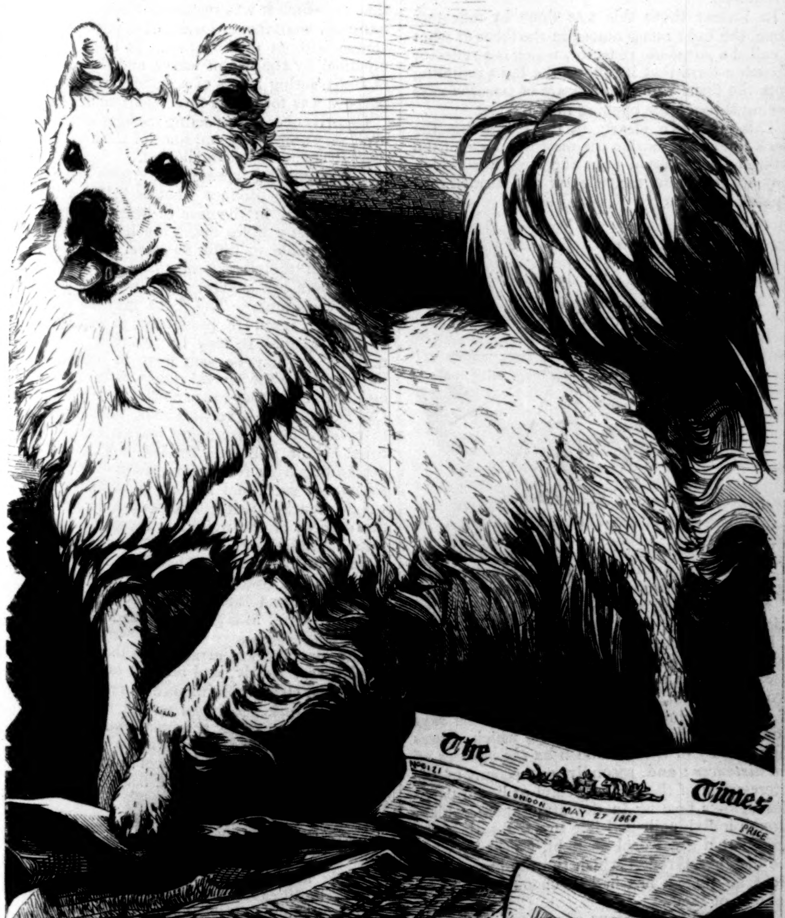


LOW LIFE.—[FROM THE PICTURE BY SIR E. LANDSEER.]

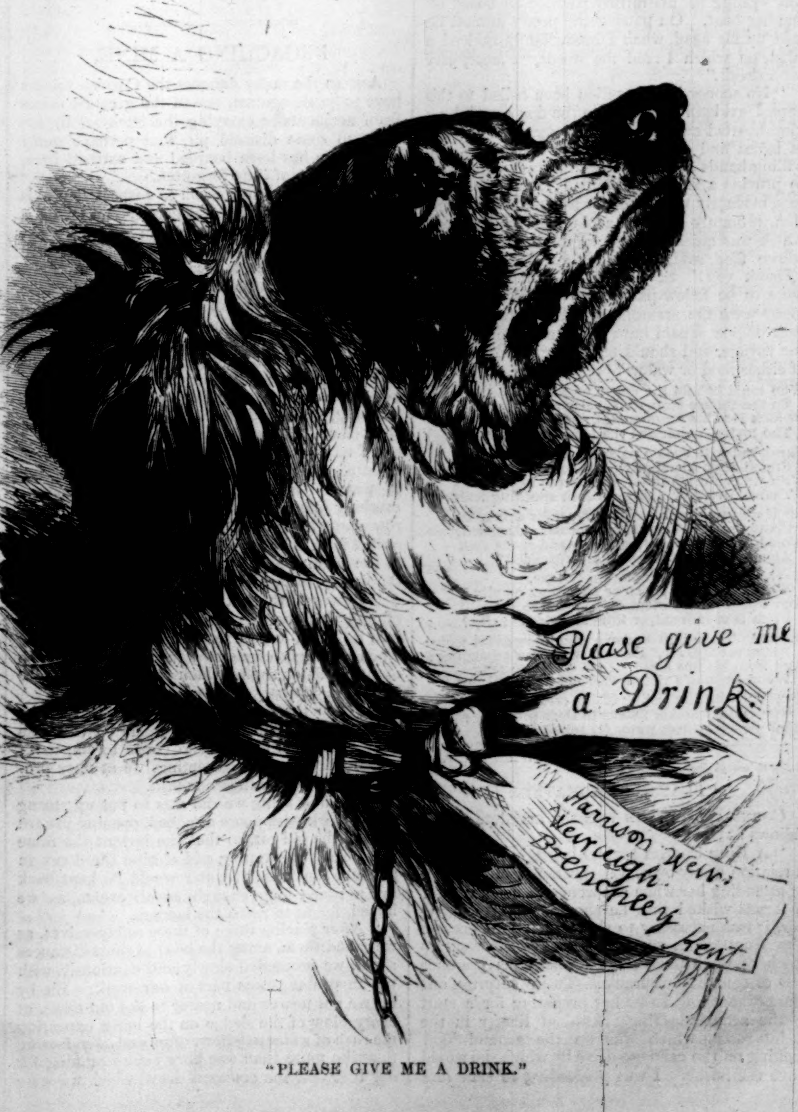
"PICCO:" A MEMBER OF THE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

PICCOLO, or "Picco," the beautiful dog belonging to the Rev. Henry De Bunsen, of Dorrington Rectory (formerly of Lilleshall, Shropshire), is of the Pomeranian breed, commonly known in England by the name of "Spitz." He was born in the year 1865, in the village of Edgmond, near Newport. His parents, both fine dogs with silky white hair, are still alive, and greatly valued by their owner, Miss Alcock. When "Picco" came to Lilleshall, he was a small, fluffy, white puppy of six weeks—snowy white, and very much like the toy lambs you can see in the shops. His first development of character showed itself in his being constantly on the alert, and always ready to bark his little shrill bark if he heard any footsteps outside the door. His education during the first six months of his life proceeded very rapidly. He learned to beg in a few lessons, and with little difficulty waited until *ten* was counted before he would eat the biscuit put before him. There was usually a pet cat or two in the room with him, so "Picco" easily got over the canine-aversion to cats. Miss Pussy, indeed, became very fond of rubbing her nose against him, and frequently followed him about the garden. From being constantly in attendance at the family meals, "Picco" soon got to know the sound of his favorite biscuit, and he has also learned never to come and *beg* for it till after his own dinner, which is given him after the family have dined. The only exception he makes to this rule is on his "tub-day," when he fancies that he has an additional appetite after his bath; and so on *that* day he comes regularly to be fed at luncheon!

When his own dinner of rice and scraps is prepared, and some-one calls out "'Picco,' go and fetch your table-cloth," he gets up and walks to the sideboard cupboard, which he opens with his nose, and brings out a copy of *The Times* newspaper in his mouth, which is laid on the carpet. On this *paper* table-cloth his plate is placed. He then begs, looking slyly out of the corners of his eyes to see when the finger goes down as the word *ten* is pronounced. He then daintily smells all round the plate to see if his dinner pleases him; very often this is *not* the case, and only by dint of coaxing, or calling "puss, puss," can he be induced to eat his dinner. When that is accomplished he is told to fetch his biscuits, when he trots to the kitchen and picks up a covered basket, which he brings to Mrs. De Bunsen, and throws it down with a bang by her side. He will stand up by her side while she puts a piece of biscuit in front of him, saying "trust," and till he hears the words "eat it," he will not even dare to look at the tempting morsel. Then he will dance on his hind-legs and walk round the room for a piece of biscuit or bread, and hold it on his nose till his mistress counts ten, when he lifts it off with his two fore-paws. But the most remarkable trait in "Picco's" character is his great dislike of any kind of wine or beer. He knows the look of a wine-glass, and nothing will induce him even to smell it. In the kitchen he refuses to drink out of any tumbler offered him there, with but one exception; for, strange to say, he will walk straight up to, and drink out of the glass of the teetotal house-maid, for he knows that *she* only drinks water! Peter the butler always has him to sleep in his room at night, where he sleeps very soundly till awakened by the alarum at six o'clock. When Peter gets up, then "Picco" stirs himself, and goes into the next room where the groom sleeps, on whose bed he jumps and *pulls* off the clothes till the inmate rises! "Picco" knows Sunday quite well, and never offers to go to church with the family, though he flies after them if he sees any of them putting on their out-door things on any *other* day. He also never barks at the Sunday-school children



"PICCO," A MEMBER OF THE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.


Please give me a Drink.
Harrison Weir.
Weirleigh.
Brenchley Kent.

"PLEASE GIVE ME A DRINK."

who come into the house to their classes, though one footstep on a week-day makes him furious. When the family are away, "Picco" will never take a walk with strangers; he keeps company only with those who live in the house.

At the annual meeting of the Lilleshall Temperance Society in June last we had the pleasure of seeing "Picco." The dog was on the platform, much to the amusement of all present. One of the speakers, in referring to "Picco's" firmness in his water-drinking habits, asked, "Is not 'Picco' worthy of being enrolled as a member of the Lilleshall Temperance Society?" Amidst loud and hearty cheers, "Yes, yes," resounded from all parts of the large assembly. The next morning we had the pleasure of visiting the clean and tidy cottages of several of the Lilleshall miners, in company with their devoted friend, Miss Battersby, when one of the miners met us on the road, and, politely touching his hat, said, "*I hope, Sir, that I shall keep from the drink as true as that dog 'Picco.'*"

Ah! what a change would come over thousands of homes, that are now scenes of sorrow and desolation, if men and women were all as wise as "Picco."—*Band of Hope Review.*

"TRUSTY," THE DINNER CARRIER.

TAYLOR, in his "General Character of the Dog," writes:

"It was with pleasure that I watched the motions of a grateful animal belonging to one of the workmen employed at Portsmouth dock-yard. This man had a large cur dog, who regularly every day brought him his dinner upward of a mile. When his wife had prepared the repast, she tied it up in a cloth and put it in a hand-basket. Then calling 'Trusty' (for so he was properly named), she desired him to be expeditious, and carry his master's dinner, and be sure not to stop by the way. The dog, who perfectly understood his orders, immediately obeyed by taking the handle of the basket in his mouth, and began his journey. It was laughable to observe that, when tired by the way, he would very cautiously set the basket on the ground, but by no means would suffer any person to come near it. When he had sufficiently rested himself, he again took up his load, and proceeded forward until he came to the dock gates. Here he was frequently obliged to stop, and wait with patience until the porter or some other person opened the door. His joy was then visible to every one. His pace increased, and with wagging tail, expressive of his pleasure, he ran to his master with the refreshment. The caresses were then mutual, and, after receiving his morsel as a recompense for his fidelity, he was ordered home with the empty basket and plates, which he carried back with the greatest precision, to the high diversion of all spectators."

"PLEASE, GIVE ME A DRINK!"

MR. JOHN KNIGHT, of Palmer's Green, states:

"During a pleasant tour in Scotland, in 1869, I witnessed, on the pier at Dunnoon, an interesting sight, which afforded great pleasure to not a few. A fine dog was on the pier, close by the side of the Glasgow steamer. He had, I believe, just before been taken from a small steamer, and was waiting for his further passage on board of another boat. On patting the pretty animal he held up his head, when I immediately noticed a label, on which I read the words, '*Please, give me a drink!*'

"No sooner had attention been called to this appeal, evidently attached to the dog's neck by a kind-hearted and thoughtful owner, than a group of ladies and children gathered around us, and willing hands and feet were in instant requisition to provide a supply of water. One of the porters, evidently with a tender heart under his fustian, promptly brought a tin filled with water, which was quickly drunk by the thirsty animal, whose face said, as plainly as dog can say, 'Thank you!' Several of the ladies, I found, were to be fellow-passengers with the dog, and many were the assurances from my fair friends that doggie should have every attention during the voyage, and should not suffer from the want of either food or water."

Who could behold the motto on his neck
  To the chance stranger silently appealing,
Or look into his countenance, and check
  The loving action and the tender feeling?

Furnished with such a passport kind and wise,
  Friend after friend provides the noble creature
With water for his thirst, while from his eyes
  Thanks overflow, and from each speaking feature.

Ah, if we saw that touching prayer for drink
  Plainly round other thirsty throats suspended,
Would our much-suffering flocks and cattle sink
  Along the public ways all unbefriended?

Hour after hour, in the hot dusty lane,
  Would the dumb sheep or ox attract no pity?
And would their patient eyes appeal in vain
  From iron railroad, or from stone-paved city?

Thirst! There is One above who knows that pang:
  "*Give me to drink,*" He said to Sychar's daughter;
And from his lips a sad "*I thirst!*" once rang
  When *He* man's victim was, and had no water.

Touched with the feeling of His creatures' grief,
  The mighty Maker listens to their groaning;
Shall *we* deny them water for relief,
  And man alone be heedless of their moaning?

RICHARD WILTON, M.A.

Londesborough Rectory.

"BEAU'S" RESIGNATION.

CORNWALL SIMEON tells the anecdote which follows:

"A King Charles spaniel belonging to a lady, a relation of my own, was constantly in the habit of attending her when she went out driving, and, if it was wished that he should not accompany her, it was necessary to shut him up to prevent him from doing so. On Sundays she went to teach at the village school, where his presence was of course undesirable. To my surprise, one Sunday morning I saw her preparing for a start to the school, leaving 'Beau' at liberty in the dining-room, which was on the ground-floor, opening on the carriage-drive by which she would leave the house. I was proceeding to shut him up, when she said, 'Oh, you need not trouble yourself to do that; he knows quite well that it is Sunday, and won't attempt to go with me.' She was perfectly right. 'Beau' sat in a chair, watching her through the open window as she drove off, looking the picture of mortified resignation, but not offering to quit his place, though he had not been told to remain there."

GUARDING THE LEG OF MUTTON.

BLAINE narrates the following interesting anecdote:

"I was once called from dinner in a hurry to attend to something that had occurred. Unintentionally I left a favorite cat in the room, together with a no less favorite spaniel. When I returned, I found the latter, which was not a small figure, extending her whole length along the table, by the side of a leg of mutton which I had left. On my entrance she showed no signs of fear, nor did she immediately alter her position. I was sure, therefore, that none but a good motive had placed her in this extraordinary situation; nor had I long to conjecture. Puss was skulking in a corner, and, though the mutton was untouched, yet her conscious fears clearly evinced that she had been driven from the table in the act of attempting a robbery on the meat, to which she was too prone, and that her situation had been occupied by this faithful spaniel to prevent a repetition of the attempt. Here was fidelity united with great intellect, and wholly free from the aid of instinct. This property of guarding victuals from the cat, or from other dogs, was a daily practice with this animal; and while cooking was going forward, the floor might be strewed with eatables, which would have been all safe from her own touch, and as carefully guarded from that of others."

"BUSY'S" AFFECTION FOR SEVEN DUCKS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Naturalist* magazine relates:

"In the early part of last spring I called on a cottager, a poor neighbor, who I heard was ill. I found him sitting by his fire with a spaniel and her puppy, six weeks or two months old, and a cat, and a half-grown kitten. The dog got up to greet me, for we are old acquaintances and good friends, when from under her ran seven young ducks a few days old. The woman of the house told me that they had been hatched under a hen which would not take care of them, and that she had brought them into the house to keep them warm. The spaniel immediately took to them, and whenever she came in and lay down by the fire, the ducks ran to her and nestled among her long hair. I asked her how the cat agreed with them, to which she replied that 'Busy' (such is the spaniel's name) would not suffer any thing to come near them; and I had proof of this, for her own puppy went up close to one of them as though to play with it, when she snapped at him and drove him away. One of the ducks soon died, having, apparently, something wrong in its head, but the other six throve under 'Busy's' care, and are now fine ducks fit for table. The woman added that she was remarkably fond of young little things, and would nestle a brood of young chickens like a hen."

BROACHING A MINE.

AMONG the many dangers the Cornish miners have to battle against, one of the greatest arises from accidentally carrying the excavations too close to some disused pit, that perhaps many years since has been boarded and earthed over, and in course of time forgotten.

When miners have reason to suspect that this is the case—a suspicion generally caused by a greater exudation of water than is usual—they at once proceed to what is technically termed "hole it;" and the following description of the holing or emptying a pit of water may best be given in the words of an old Cornish miner, one of the principal actors in the undertaking:

"Well, you see, Sir, we were working two hundred fathom down—running a level due north—and to our surprise the further we went the more moist the earth got, till, on going to work one morning, we found the whole end of the wall covered with drops of dew. Seeing this, it struck all of us at once that there must be a pit at no great distance, and (as they a'most allus are) full of water. Fancy this, Sir; a body o' water reaching many fathoms above you, and the narrow space in which you are working only separated from it by a thin crust of clay, putting you in the momentary fear of this giving way, and the water crashing in upon you!

"However, there it was, and must be got rid of, and this, too, by 'driving' or 'holing' right into it; for if left we should never be safe, or tell when we might come unaware across one of the many levels or shafts which run such numerous ways and depths.

"When the captain of the mine learned its existence an offer was soon made on tolerable generous terms to any who chose to empty it; which offer six of us accepting, we at once proceeded with our dangerous task.

"The first thing we did was to put up strong frame-work with doors attached, opening inward toward the old pit, so that the instant the mine was holed, by running and closing the doors in passing, the mass of water would be kept back for a time—long enough, at all events, as we hoped, for us to reach the ladders.

"After placing three of these safety-valves, as we called them, along the level at short distances apart, we proceeded slowly and cautiously with the more dangerous part of our work. Bit by bit we got nearer and nearer to the old mine, at every blow of the sledge on the borer expecting the rush of water to follow, often and often fearing to strike more than one blow before running for our lives, till the constant dread which we were allus in so worked on the nerves of the bravest that even a falling stone would be sufficient to put every one of us to flight.

"Never shall I forget the morning when at last we did get through; and I can a'most fancy seeing one o' my mates as he then stood with the borer held up ready for another to strike, the rest of us watching for the blow to fall, and prepared to run if necessary.

"At last, while every eye was fixed on 'em, the steel hammer rung on the borer, which in another second was sent whizzing far away down the level, as, with a horrible roar, the water came tearing and crashing through the earth.

"It was a run then *for life*, Sir; and in a far shorter time than I can tell it we were through the first door-way and in the act of swinging to the next, when the first was dashed against it; but, thank God, this for a time resisted the pressure of the water, or I should not be here telling of it.

"On we sped, our only hope of safety lying in gaining the ladders before the last door gave way; and what a distance they seemed, when even a few moments gained might rescue us from death! Breathless at last we reached them, and had but ascended a few rounds when, with a bang—whirl—crash—the water was upon us, and, fast as we climbed, like some horrid monster seeking our destruction, it glided up step for step with us.

"Even now a shuddering feeling creeps over me as I call to mind the fierce struggle it was to climb faster than the water rose. Faint and weary, we still tore upward, for rest only a few moments would to a certainty have been '*death.*' Up, up, with our dread enemy gaining on our flagging footsteps; now with the cold water gliding to our knees, yet still with renewed desperation struggling on. Thank Heaven, the adit was at last reached, and we were saved. Dragging our exhausted limbs a few feet higher, we watched the dread torrent rushing through this outlet. Then it was that, giving a glance toward my comrades, I find there are but *two* left. Yes, Sir: six of us went down; *three* only came up. Whether they were overtook in the level or washed from the ladders none could tell, for death was too closely following us at the time to allow of us bestowing a thought on our poor mates. However, we thought a deal more about them on reaching the mouth of the pit, where stood their pale-faced, anxious wives scanning us on coming to grass, and asking, with a frightened cry, 'Where are our husbands?'

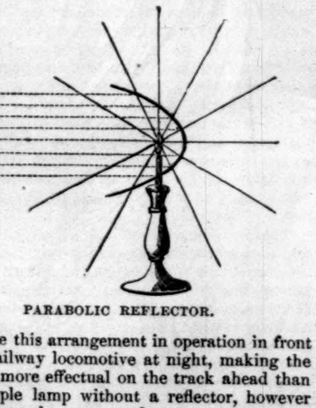
"We could only point down to the roaring gulf, for our hearts were too full to utter even the simple word—dead."

LIGHT FOR LIGHT-HOUSES.*

THE most important object to be sought, after determining the most satisfactory method of creating a bright light for light-house purposes, is to devise the best means of utilizing it when created by concentrating it in the direction where it is required.

In former times this was done by reflectors alone, the light being placed in the focus of what is called a *parabolic* reflector, which is a reflector of such a form that it reflects the light radiating from the focus within in a beam of *parallel rays* issuing through the opening in front.

This is shown clearly in the engraving, the black lines representing the natural course of the rays, and the dotted ones the lines into which they are turned by the reflector and formed into a parallel beam.

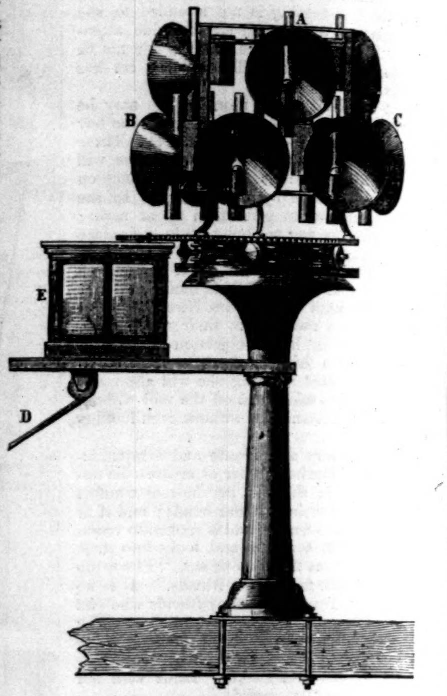


PARABOLIC REFLECTOR.

We see this arrangement in operation in front of the railway locomotive at night, making the light far more effectual on the track ahead than if a simple lamp without a reflector, however bright it may be, were used.

For we must remember that light, in radiating from the luminous point through the atmosphere, loses brilliancy as the distance increases, from two causes; first, from the spreading or diffusion of it, on account of the divergence of the rays from each other as they recede, which causes the intensity of it to diminish *as the squares of the distances;* and, secondly, on account of the interception of the light by solid or liquid particles always floating in the atmosphere, which, though individually invisible to us, absorb in the aggregate a great deal of light, especially when the distance through which the ray has come is great, so that it has had to encounter a great number of them.

Now there is no means of preventing the loss of light from this latter source, namely, the absorption of it by substances floating in the air, and thus diminishing the transparency of it. All that can be done is to increase the quantity of light sent forward, so that the distance may be greater that will be required to absorb it all. But the former—that is, the diminution by divergence—may be in a great measure controlled by means of lenses or reflectors so arranged as to collect the light from all sides, and send it forward over the sea in rays diverging but little laterally, and lying, horizontally, very nearly in the same plane. It is evident that they must not be in precisely the same plane, for the surface of the sea is not itself plane, but slightly convex, on account of the rotundity of the earth. The rays, of course, can not be made to *curve* in their course to accommodate themselves to this rotundity, and so it is necessary that they should diverge a little upward and downward in order that they may shine upon both near and distant vessels; and they must also diverge to a considerable extent from side to side, so that they may reach every ship, whatever may be the direction from which she approaches the land.



FLASHING LIGHT BY REFLECTORS.

Reflectors are necessary for all that portion of the radiance which would naturally proceed toward the land, for it is only by reflection that light can be turned back directly from its course.

For a long time reflectors alone were used for the management of the light in these cases. They only served the purpose, of course, of intercepting and turning forward that portion of the radiation which was emitted on the side opposite to that on which it was required. The light which naturally went forward was left to pursue its own course without modification. It could only be modified by the use of lenses, and the difficulty of constructing lenses of a sufficient size for the purpose was for a long time insurmountable.

Contrivances for reflecting the light were, however, very numerous, and some of them were very ingenious and very complicated.

The engraving represents a system of reflectors devised to produce what is called a flashing light; for in the case of beacon-lights that are not many miles apart, the luminous effects must be made to differ in some way, in order to prevent their being mistaken for each other. There are a great many ways of making these variations. The light may be colored by being caused to pass through red, green, or blue glass. It may be revolving or intermittent, or may be sent forth in flashes. In the engraving the several reflectors have each its own lamp, and they are arranged in sets of three (A, B, C) upon a vertical axis, which is made to revolve by approximate machinery, as indicated by the pulley on the left. The cord D, descending from the pulley, passes over another pulley not seen, and has a weight like a clock weight attached to it. The clock-work by which the descent of the weight is regulated and the force communicated to the system of reflectors is inclosed in the box E. The little truck wheels on which the system revolves are seen beneath, on the platform formed upon the top of the stand, where they roll in a groove formed for the purpose.

The machinery is arranged so that the lamps revolve very slowly, and all that is required to secure the steady continuance of motion is that the clock-work should be wound up every day when the lamps are trimmed, and set agoing when the lamps are lighted at night. Of course, as each set of three lamps comes to the front their combined light sends a flash far over the sea.

A mode of constructing *lenses* of a size sufficient to be used in light-houses was at last devised by a French philosophical engineer named Fresnel; and so great was the success of his system that it came soon to be almost universally introduced, and has connected his name indissolubly with the light-house system all over the world. Very great improvements have been made in his system by other inventors, but they do not displace his name as the originator of the idea out of which they have all proceeded.

It is only an idea of the general principle of Fresnel's invention that can be given in a chapter like this. It consists essentially in "building up," as it were, a lens for the concentration of

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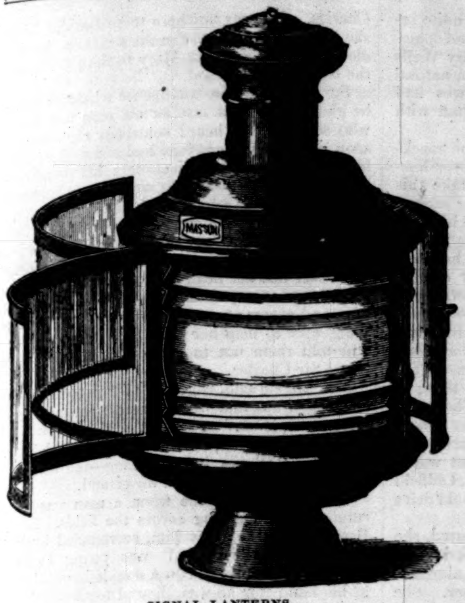
* *Light: Being Part II. of Science for the Young.* By JACOB ABBOTT. Copiously Illustrated. 12mo, cloth, $1 50. New York: Harper & Brothers.

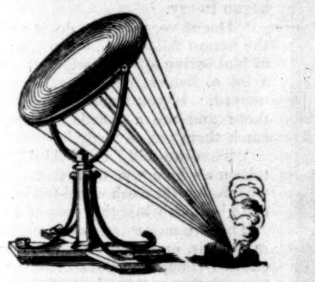


SIGNAL LANTERNS.

the rays, by forming it in separate portions, each portion except the central one, and sometimes even that, being in the form of a *ring*, the surfaces of all the portions being so arranged as to produce the same effect in refracting the rays as if the lens was made in one solid mass.

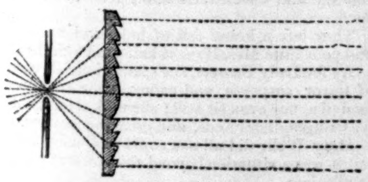
To understand this clearly, we must consider that the function which it is required of the lens to perform is to *draw in* the rays somewhat from their natural divergence, since in issuing from the source they would, if left to themselves, diverge too widely. Now it is the property of a convex lens to produce this effect, as we see exemplified in the case of the sun-glass, so called, which is often used as a toy to concentrate the light and heat of the sun.

Now to make a lens of this form, and of the size which would be necessary for a light-house, would require a very great thickness of glass in the central parts, all of which thickness would be useless in itself, since the light, in passing through, is changed in its direction only at the surfaces where it enters and where it emerges. It undergoes no change of direction while it is passing through the substance of the glass within. In other words, the whole effect of bending, or, as it is scientifically termed, of refracting the rays, depends upon the angle *of inclination in respect to the surface of the glass at which the ray enters and leaves it.* Fresnel's idea was, therefore, to dispense as far as possible with the interior substance of the glass by dividing the lens into portions, and making the several portions thin, while he still preserved in all the same *inclinations of the surfaces* in relation to the entering and departing ray.



CONVERGENCE OF RAYS.

You will see how this object is effected by the engraving, which shows pretty clearly the nature of Fresnel's contrivance, and the manner in which it operates to preserve all the refracting power of a convex lens by retaining the several portions of the surface in the right position in respect to the entering and departing ray, while yet the thickness of the glass is kept within reasonable limits. The rays of light from the charcoal points to the left are brought into a parallel beam as they leave the lens on the right.



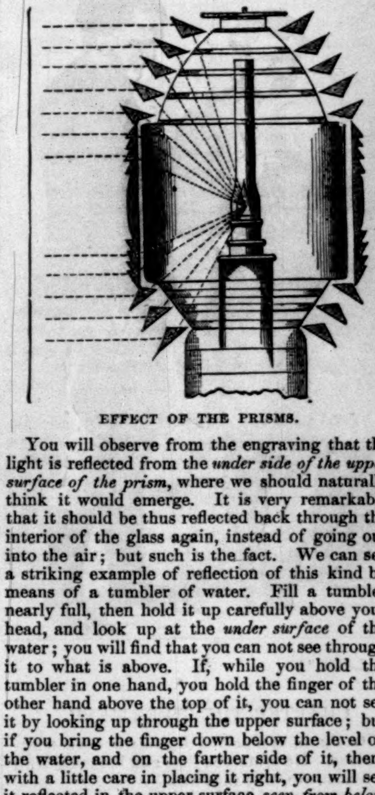
FRESNEL'S IDEA.

By this means the rays, diverging first from a point, become parallel, which is the reverse of the case of the sun-glass, in which parallel rays—that is, rays sensibly parallel on account of the sun's great distance—are made to converge *to* a point. All refraction is in this way reciprocal. Rays subjected to refraction will always follow the same track in this sense, namely, that if they enter the glass—on the right side, for example—coming in a certain direction, and go out on the other side in a certain different direction, then, if the motion is reversed, and the rays of another beam come in on the left as the former went out, they will, on refraction, in the same lens, go out on the right precisely as the former came in.

It is plain that a lens modified on Fresnel's system, as above described, might be made of a circular form, as usual, in which case several sets of them would be required, forming different faces, to be presented toward different quarters of the horizon. Or the lens might be made annular, with a broad convex surface in the center, and narrow ones in rings above and below. The last arrangement is shown in a simple form in the engraving, which represents a signal lantern such as is used on board ships.

These engravings are copies of those which Lawrence gave to John to put into his note-book, as illustrating in a simple form the fundamental principle of Fresnel's idea. John afterward found, when he came to visit light-houses on the coasts of France and England, that, in carrying the idea into practical effect, a great number and variety of most elaborate and complicated arrangements were made. When he went inside of some of the large lanterns and looked around at the vast number of angular rings of glass—that is, rings angular in section—and prisms, and groups of lenses and reflectors, he was sometimes utterly bewildered with the intricacy of the system, and almost dazzled by the brilliancy of the effect produced by so much polished glass, even in the daytime, when the lamps were not lighted.

He found that not only lenses, modified as above described, were used, but *prisms* of the same annular form, placed above and below the limits of the lenses, were employed to bring down into parallelism rays which would otherwise have passed out of range. How this is done will be shown by the engraving, where the rays forming the center portion of the diverging beam are brought to parallelism by the lens, and those that ascend and descend much are partly refracted, but mainly reflected, by the prisms placed in proper positions for this purpose, as shown in section in the engraving.



EFFECT OF THE PRISMS.

You will observe from the engraving that the light is reflected from the *under side of the upper surface of the prism*, where we should naturally think it would emerge. It is very remarkable that it should be thus reflected back through the interior of the glass again, instead of going out into the air; but such is the fact. We can see a striking example of reflection of this kind by means of a tumbler of water. Fill a tumbler nearly full, then hold it up carefully above your head, and look up at the *under surface* of the water; you will find that you can not see through it to what is above. If, while you hold the tumbler in one hand, you hold the finger of the other hand above the top of it, you can not see it by looking up through the upper surface; but if you bring the finger down below the level of the water, and on the farther side of it, then, with a little care in placing it right, you will see it reflected in the upper surface *seen from below*—that is, from the under side of the upper surface.

These explanations will give the reader a general idea of the fundamental principles of Fresnel's invention for managing the light in light-houses, and will enable any one when he visits a light-house constructed on these principles to understand what he sees, when, without this preliminary knowledge, the complicated combination of rings of glass and mirrors and prisms would form for him only an intricate and bewildering maze.

Indeed, the number and the variety of the modes in which these general principles are applied, and the vast extension which the system has received since Fresnel first introduced it, and which is necessary to produce the great variety of luminous effects required for distinguishing the different lights from each other, are such that it is the work of a lifetime to understand the whole subject in all its details.

Fresnel was a highly educated man and a profound mathematician, and he made his discoveries, not by any lucky accident, but by the most careful and thorough study of the philosophy of optics. He was educated as an engineer in the military schools of France, and was subsequently appointed to important posts under the French government—first in respect to bridges and roads, and afterward in relation to the establishment and management of light-houses on the coasts. It was from the profound investigations that he made in connection with his official duties that his discoveries and inventions resulted.

And yet, notwithstanding the great eminence as a mathematician and philosopher to which he attained, he was when a boy at school considered quite a dull scholar, on account of his apparent incapacity for learning and reciting lessons by rote, as was then, and still is, much practiced in schools. Yet he was, even at that early age, so much interested in the study of philosophical principles that he had the name and reputation of a genius among his playmates on account of his success in investigating the action and improving the forms of their toys and playthings, such as their tops, kites, and little cannon.

If I were writing a moral discourse in the form of a sermon instead of a scientific treatise, I might very properly close this chapter with two practical reflections.

First, that a boy, because he thinks himself smart in learning and reciting lessons at school, should not on that account become conceited and vain, and imagine that he is certainly going to become a great man when he grows up. Intellectual success and distinction in future life depend upon something very different from mere readiness in committing to memory, and fluency in repeating, mere words.

And, secondly, if any boy who is patient, faithful, and thoughtful in his endeavors to understand what he is taught, but finds that he is not so quick and ready in learning and reciting the lessons as others in his class, he has no occasion to be discouraged about himself. He may have within him all the essentials of eminent success in the acquisition of knowledge, which will develop themselves in due time.

A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.

By CHARLES READE.

WITH MANY ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH.

IN the present condition of her mind these words produced a strange effect on Lady Bassett. She quivered, and her eyes began to rove in that peculiar way I have already noticed; and then she started up and walked wildly to and fro; and then she kneeled down and prayed; and then, alarmed, perplexed, exhausted, she went and leaned her head on her patient's shoulder, and wept softly a long time.

Some days passed, and no more strangers attempted to see Sir Charles.

Lady Bassett was beginning to breathe again, when she was afflicted by an unwelcome discovery.

Mary Wells fainted away so suddenly that, but for Lady Bassett's quick eye and ready hand, she would have fallen heavily.

Lady Bassett laid her head down and loosened her stays, and discovered her condition. She said nothing till the young woman was well, and then she taxed her with it.

Mary denied it plump; but, seeing her mistress's disgust at the falsehood, she owned it with many tears.

Being asked how she could so far forget herself, she told Lady Bassett she had long been courted by a respectable young man; he had come to the village, bound on a three years' voyage, to bid her good-by, and, what with love and grief at parting, they had been betrayed into folly; and now he was on the salt seas, little dreaming in what condition he had left her: "and," said she, "before ever he can write to me, and I to him, I shall be a ruined girl; that is why I wanted to put an end to myself; I *will*, too, unless I can find some way to hide it from the world."

Lady Bassett begged her to give up those desperate thoughts; she would think what could be done for her. Lady Bassett could say no more to her just then, for she was disgusted with her.

But when she came to reflect that, after all, this was not a lady, and that she appeared by her own account to be the victim of affection and frailty rather than of vice, she made some excuses; and then the girl had laid aside her trouble, her despair, and given her sorrowful mind to nursing and comforting Sir Charles. This would have outweighed a crime, and it made the wife's bowels yearn over the unfortunate girl. "Mary," said she, "others must judge you; I am a wife, and can only see your fidelity to my poor husband. I don't know what I shall do without you, but I think it is my duty to send you to him if possible. You are sure he really loves you?"

"Me cross the seas after a young man?" said Mary Wells. "I'd as lieve hang myself on the nighest tree and make an end. No, my lady, if you are really my friend, let me stay here as long as I can—I will never go down stairs to be seen—and then give me money enough to get my trouble over unbeknown to my sister; she is all my fear. She is married to a gentleman, and got plenty of money, and I shall never want while she lives, and behave myself; but she would never forgive me if she knew. She is a hard woman; she is not like you, my lady. I'd liever cut my hand off than I'd trust her as I would you."

Lady Bassett was not quite insensible to this compliment; but she felt uneasy. "What, help you to deceive your sister?"

"For her good. Why, if any one was to go and tell her about me now, she'd hate them for telling her almost as much as she would hate me."

Lady Bassett was sore perplexed. Unable to see quite clear in the matter, she naturally reverted to her husband and his interest. That dictated her course. She said, "Well, stay with us, Mary, as long as you can; and then money shall not be wanting to hide your shame from all the world; but I hope when the time comes you will alter your mind and tell your sister. May I ask what her name is?"

Mary, after a moment's hesitation, said her name was Marsh.

"I know a Mrs. Marsh," said Lady Bassett; "but, of course, that is not your sister. My Mrs. Marsh is rather fair."

"So is my sister, for that matter."

"And tall?"

"Yes; but you never saw her. You'd never forget her if you had. She has got eyes like a lion."

"Ah! Does she ride?"

"Oh, she is famous for that; and driving, and all."

"Indeed! But no; I see no resemblance."

"Oh, she is only my half-sister."

"This is very strange."

Lady Bassett put her hand to her brow, and thought.

"Mary," said she, "all this is very mysterious. We are wading in deep waters."

Mary Wells had no idea what she meant.

The day was not over yet. Just before dinner-time a fly from the station drove to the door, and Mr. Oldfield got out.

He was detained in the hall by sentinel Moss.

Lady Bassett came down to him. At the very sight of him she trembled, and said, "Richard Bassett?"

"Yes," said Mr. Oldfield, "he is in the field again. He has been to the Court of Chancery *ex parte*, and obtained an injunction *ad interim* to stay waste. Not another tree must be cut down on this estate for the present."

"Thank Heaven it is no worse than that. Not another tree shall be felled on the grounds."

"Of course not. But they will not stop there. If we do not move to dissolve the injunction, I fear they will go on and ask the Court to administer the estate, with a view to all interests concerned, especially those of the heir at law and his son."

"What, while my husband lives?"

"If they can prove him dead in law."

"I don't understand you, Mr. Oldfield."

"They have got affidavits of two medical men that he is insane."

Lady Bassett uttered a faint scream, and put her hand to her heart.

"And, of course, they will use that extraordinary fall of timber as a further proof, and also as a reason why the Court should interfere to protect the heir at law. Their case is well got up and very strong," said Mr. Oldfield, regretfully.

"Well, but you are a lawyer, and you have always beaten them hitherto."

"I had law and fact on my side. It is not so now. To be frank, Lady Bassett, I don't see what I can do but watch the case, on the chance of some error or illegality. It is very hard to fight a case when you can not put your client forward—and I suppose that would not be safe. How unfortunate that you have no children!"

"Children! How could they help us?"

"What a question! How could Richard Bassett move the Court if he was not the heir at law?"

After a long conference Mr. Oldfield returned to town to see what he could do in the way of procrastination, and Lady Bassett promised to leave no stone unturned to cure Sir Charles in the mean time. Mr. Oldfield was to write immediately if any fresh step was taken.

When Mr. Oldfield was gone, Lady Bassett pondered every word he had said, and, mild as she was, her rage began to rise against her husband's relentless enemy. Her wits worked, her eyes roved in that peculiar half-savage way I have described. She became intolerably restless; and any one acquainted with her sex might see that some strange conflict was going on in her troubled mind.

Every now and then she would come and cling to her husband, and cry over him; and that seemed to still the tumult of her soul a little.

She never slept all that night; and next day, clinging in her helpless agony to the nearest branch, she told Mary Wells what Bassett was doing, and said, "What shall I do? He is not mad; but he is in so very precarious a state that, if they get at him to torment him, they will drive him mad indeed."

"My lady," said Mary Wells, "I can't go from my word. 'Tis no use in making two bites of a cherry. We must cure him: and if we don't, you'll never rue it but once, and that will be all your life."

"I should look on myself with horror afterward were I to deceive him now."

"No, my lady, you are too fond of him for that. Once you saw him happy you'd be happy too, no matter how it came about. That Richard Bassett will turn him out of this else. I am sure he will; he is a hard-hearted villain."

Lady Bassett's eyes flashed fire; then her eyes roved; then she sighed deeply.

Her powers of resistance were beginning to relax. As for Mary Wells, she gave her no peace; she kept instilling her mind into her mistress's with the pertinacity of a small but ever-dripping fount, and we know both by science and poetry that small, incessant drops of water will wear a hole in marble.

"Gutta cavat lapidem non vi sed sæpe cadendo."

And in the midst of all a letter came from Mr. Oldfield, to tell her that Mr. Bassett threatened to take out a commission *de lunatico*, and she must prepare Sir Charles for an examination; for, if reported insane, the Court would administer the estates; but the heir at law, Mr. Bassett, would have the ear of the Court and the right of application, and become virtually master of Huntercombe and Bassett; and, perhaps, considering the spirit by which he was animated, would contrive to occupy the very Hall itself. Lady Bassett was in the dressing-room when she received this blow, and it drove her almost frantic. She bemoaned her husband: she prayed God to take them both, and let their ene-